

*The Australian*  
**WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

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PRICE

9



**More Italian Fashions,**  
See pages 16-17.



## WINTER DOINGS

### IN *Fiesta* by Candy Wilson



**Cocktail party at the Murrys.** Janice rang today to ask us to meet the new corporation manager from the States. My brain's been whizzing ever since working out variations for my "once again" black dress.

The deep bib of golden coins that John brought me from Cairo, I think. With not another color touch in sight — except a pair of "Moonbeam" 12 denier Fiestas, and shoe-string sandals. There's such subtlety about the color of the new Fiesta Pastel nylons — and they are so heavenly fine. Surprisingly tough, too — I've worn one pair for months.



**My birthday.** Dinner and the theatre — after a day doing good works for the Red Cross. Still I can work a quick switch with accessories. Let's hope this birthday everyone remembers that what I like best of all is Fiesta nylons. Heaven knows I talk about their virtues enough they

should remember. Their fit is so perfect, I don't strain them when I bend.



**Races!** There's nothing I like better than a race meeting — as much, I admit it, for watching the fashion parade as for the horses. This time I refuse to be harassed

into competing — I'll wear a grey suit — a becoming but not excessive hat, and neutral Fiesta 15 deniers. Actually, 15 deniers are my favourites for day wear — fine and elegant.

**Polocrosse match — me for the sidelines.** Tweeds, topcoat — muffler and heavy gloves — they're for me this Saturday. And 30 denier Fiesta nylons. I could laugh when I see women in party nylons with an outdoorsy get-up. The heavier deniers look so much more in keeping with this weather — and there's no doubt they're wizards for wear. I wear 30 denier Fiestas at home and on any but dressy occasions.

Signed: Candy Wilson

**Fiesta NYLONS** } 12 denier 66 gauge  
15 denier 54 gauge  
30 denier 54 gauge

F9

## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JUNE 15, 1955

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### THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

TWO years ago this month a slender girl in a jewelled gown went through an ancient ceremony which placed a crown on her head and made her Elizabeth II, Queen of England.

Though the Queen's official birthday is not actually an anniversary of her coronation, it seems an appropriate occasion for reviewing the first two years of the Elizabethan era.

Probably during this month, when her official birthday falls on varying dates throughout the Commonwealth, the Queen's own thoughts have turned back to the June day when her reign began.

And she had cause to feel happy and proud of what those two years have meant.

To England itself, still tired and impoverished by war, the new, young Queen was a symbol of hope — hope for the end of wartime hardships, hope for economic recovery, hope for peace.

These hopes have all been realised. Since Elizabeth II came to the throne Britain has been revitalised. All rationing is over. The war in Korea has ended and, largely through British diplomacy, the road to permanent peace seems clearer than it has for many years.

Though Malaya is still war-torn and South Africa is rent by racial strife, the other countries of the Commonwealth are enjoying unprecedented prosperity.

The Queen, of course, would claim no personal credit for these national successes. But personal credit must go to her for the work she has done in uniting the Commonwealth countries.

Her world tour last year engendered more goodwill than a shipload of treaties could have done. There is no doubt that on this third official birthday of her reign the Queen and her subjects have cause for celebration.

The second Elizabethan era is now well begun. And it has begun well. It is indeed a happy birthday.

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### Our cover:

● Sun fashions are linked with parasols in Italy, as our cover shows. The models are wearing separates designed by Bertoli, who created these and some of the other dresses in our parade collection.

### This week:

● Rocks at the foot of Ben Buckler, headland at the northern tip of Bondi's 1000-yard crescent of golden beach, are shown in a reader's picture in our Beautiful Australia series. Origin of the name "Ben Buckler" and also of Bondi itself is obscure. One legend says that Ben Buckler was a Yorkshireman who lived with the aborigines for ten years about 1810, and who was killed when a cliff edge collapsed under him at Bondi.

The favored version for the origin of "Bondi" is that the word is aboriginal, meaning noise of water falling, or water breaking over rocks.

### Next week:

● Within the next two months camellia shrubs in New South Wales and Victoria will attain their full glory. Color pictures and an article on growing camellias are featured in the gardening pages. Camellia shows, at which many of the varieties photographed will be seen, include the Kuring-gai Horticultural Society Show on July 16, at the Memorial Hall, Marion Street, Killara, Sydney, and the Royal Horticultural Society of Victoria Camellia Show at the Town Hall, Melbourne, on August 12-13. In South Australia growers concentrate on producing blooms for the Royal Adelaide Show in September.

● In the enlarged film section two color pages show scenes from the new British film Richard III, in which four male stars are all knights, headed by Sir Laurence Olivier.

### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

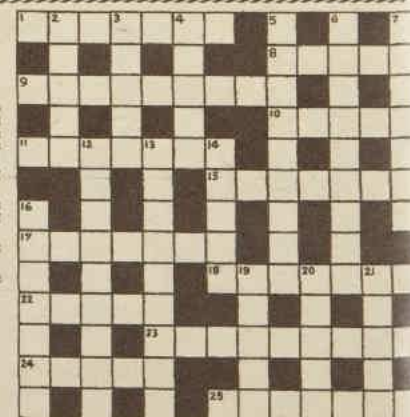
#### ACROSS

- No one can be such a sportsman without a mate (7).
- Leaves out and Tom is responsible for it (3).
- This opening is made for letting the light in, but it must face, so it seems, a harbor (3, 6).
- Walk obliquely when the lid is broken in the south-east (5).
- Such money-lenders are sure to be found in the United States (7).
- Equality with college tutors produces exiles (7).
- Without its head is a famous mad tradesman who can talk foolishly when its head is on (7).
- Is on the point of falling (7).
- I take all the tricks being a follower of this creed (5).
- Could be a permit or an emperor (9).
- Sounds could be wrong notes (5).
- Shakespearean storm (7).

Solution will be published next week.

SPECTACLES C  
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S O L S T I T E  
E F L A T T E R S

Solution to last week's Crossword.



#### DOWN

- Has in mind as men may do (5).
- Reach high in a public building in London (5).
- Belongs to the bone which faces the radius (5).
- Its runners were not sportsmen or beans (3, 6).
- It may have good beer, but all must be of the same brand (4, 5).
- Besprinkle a snake with Irish (7).
- A French insect with bile is not chivalrous (9).
- A condenser (9).
- Fun or game mostly with a good wine (5).
- Rip the inside of such handwriting (7).
- Pat duck with abnormal bees (5).
- Vagrant finishing as a politician (5).
- Dwelling places for moors (5).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 15, 1955



A complete short story  
BY DON STANFORD

# Most likely to succeed

THE last of the waning sunlight vanished all at once, and the snow that had been sparkling white became a sullen grey in the fading light of late winter afternoon. The crisp cold of the day was suddenly raw, and the tip of Shelly Ayres' small, saucy nose went numb.

She raised one mittened hand to rub her nose, the ski pole dangling from its thong over her wrist, and then the snow squeaked musically beneath her skis as she shifted her weight forward and bent her knees deeply, preparing to shove off in pursuit of her two escorts on the last downhill run of the day.

They had stopped fifty yards below to wait for her, their heads turned back and upwards in oddly identical positions, watchful and suppliant. Harry: bulky, dark, handsome and determined, soberly concentrating all day on the perfect skiing form he was clumsily but doggedly learning.

Les: slighter and fair and lazily relaxed, skiing all day with natural, unstudied grace and paying no attention whatsoever to his technique.

Les was unquestionably the better skier, but he wasn't going to continue to be—Harry was going to overtake and surpass him through that sheer application that was Harry's, the determination that would always beat Les in spite of his natural aptitude . . . and because of his natural laziness.

Shelly bit her lip, thinking that their skiing just about summed up the basic differences in Harry and Les. She had known Les first; she had been Les' girl right up to the point where Les had introduced his best friend, Harry.

And Harry had gravely set to work to overcome Les' lead, and although she hadn't really liked Harry much at first they were a threesome now. And Harry—Harry was still going;

he'd overtaken Les, and now he was going to pass him—and Les either didn't realise it or didn't care.

She frowned—a small girl with a wave of lustrous, copper-colored hair escaping her pushed-back ski cap, with deep-brown eyes that usually sparkled with laughter but were sober now. It was true—Les always started a little ahead of Harry, and Harry always caught up. In work—in everything.

They worked together as advertising salesmen for a national magazine, and although Les had led Harry in sales at first through his natural ease of manner Harry had stubbornly put in long, extra hours until now he was abreast of Les there, too. And one or the other was soon going to be made advertising manager.

"Hey!"—the shout was Les' light, confident voice, drifting faintly up the steep slope—"come on, Shel—it's getting cold, and the light's flat. Watch yourself . . ."

So, of course, right then and there she broke her leg.

She had flattened her edged skis and side-slipped, then edged her downhill ski and traversed, picking up speed for the neat christy that would take her down to join her men in a graceful swoop. And right there, in the treacherous flat light of the fading afternoon, she had caught an edge and fallen with ridiculous slowness—a gentle, easy fall that nonetheless somehow caught her foot in the wrong position.

There was just the one sharp stab of pain; as she struggled to a sitting position in the snow and waved a ski pole at the men below, the ankle didn't actually hurt at all. But it was bent the way it wouldn't ordinarily bend, and she couldn't move her foot, and she'd been told by numberless skiers that a sprain hurts madly and a break doesn't.

*When Shelly called out to the two men that she had hurt her leg they came up the slope quickly, Les in front and Harry following.*

"You hurt?" Les' voice floated to her, and Harry's deeper one with it: "You all right, Shel?"

"Yes," she called. "No! Hurt, I mean. Sorry."

They were scrambling back to her now, Les hurling himself at the slope in the giant, lurching, crabwise steps of the herring-bone, Harry plodding stolidly upward with a sidestep. So it was Les who got there first, gasping for breath, unable to speak at all from the vast exertion of his too-rapid climb.

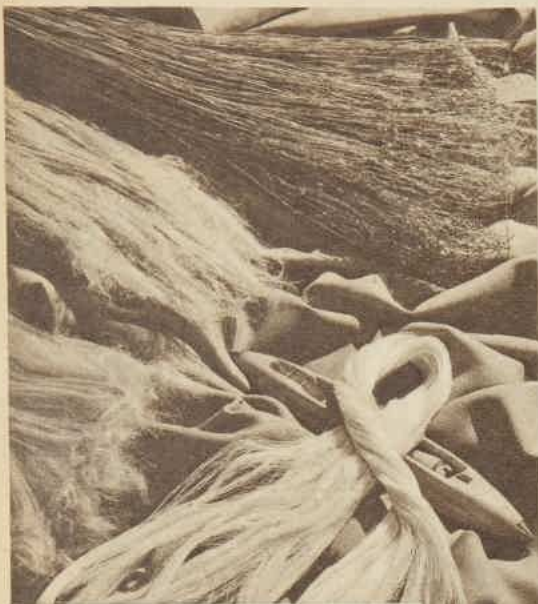
He dropped beside her and swiftly unfastened the cable of her ski binding—and as her twisted foot came free of the ski the broken ends of bone grated together sharply, and suddenly everything spun dizzily in a giddy wave of nausea, and she blacked out.

She recovered consciousness on the way down the mountain, flat on her back on the Ski Patrol toboggan, bounding and slamming over the snow at frightening speed. And then she must have passed out again, because the next thing she remembered, dizzily, was the hospital smell and the glaring light in her eyes and the cold, clammy feel of wet plaster and bandage being wound heavily and clumsily around her leg.

Then somebody stuck another needle in her arm, and it made her drowsy right away, so that she had only a confused memory of being wheeled through a long hall in a hushed, cottony silence, while Harry's and Les' faces, drawn and white

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IL 20-28

# DARLING CLEMENTINE

**T**HERE is little happiness for BRIGIT GAYE as she lies paralysed in the big bedroom of the old Templar family home in London after a riding accident. She fears her handsome husband, who is a civil air pilot, may fall in love with PRISSIE, the pretty girl whom he brought home to look after their two children, SARAH and NICKY, and imagines she hears voices taunting her.

Nicky seems afraid, too, and talks about a little girl, CLEMENTINE, who torments him when they go to the park, but Prissie says he imagines it all.

The rest of the household depress Brigit, too, miserly UNCLE SAUNDERS, AUNT ANNABEL and her cats,

and the housekeeper, MRS. HATCHETT, who sees ghosts.

Then Brigit receives a blackmailing letter saying that her brother GUY has killed a man in a car accident and the price of silence is £100. Guy admits the truth, but begs Brigit to help him, as he has fallen in love with Prissie. So she sends the money.

Brigit has a moment of joy when she finds she can move her toes, but she does not tell anyone.

Finally, when Nicky says Clementine has again frightened him, Brigit's nurse, ELLEN, says she will take the children to the park herself and see if the girl does exist. But the children go alone to the park and Nurse Ellen disappears. NOW READ ON:

**N**O one except Brigit, and perhaps Prissie, with her air of tension, seemed to worry much about Nurse Ellen's mysterious disappearance. Uncle Saunders went stumping up to bed at his usual time, followed presently by Aunt Annabel. Guy, who had been playing records in the drawing-room, obviously hoping Prissie would go in, followed later. The house, apart from the sudden springs and pounces of the cats in the studio overhead, settled to quiet.

It was Nicky who awoke first. The witch doll in the cupboard was talking again. He knew that before the sound reached his ears, because he had awakened in that familiar state of rigid fear. Something had awakened him. It must have been the cackling voice of the doll.

He tried not to listen, but he knew that he would have to. Some awful fascination compelled him. Surely enough, presently the voice began again. It seemed very far away, and it had a new tone tonight. Almost as if it were crying.

"Let me out!" it said. "Let me out!" But that was a trick to make you get up and open the cupboard. And then out would come the horrid little person with the beady eyes and clutching hands.

Oh, yes, she was being clever, saying "Let me out!" as if she were in desperate trouble. But it was a trick.

With a great effort of will, Nicky moved his hands enough to pull the blankets over his head. That way, although it was hot and suffocating, he couldn't hear the sad, crying voice any more.

There was no voice in Brigit's chimney tonight, not even a whisper of wind. But the silence, if anything, kept her awake. She kept worrying about Nurse Ellen's completely unexplainable disappearance. Why, in between leaving this room and going to fetch the children, had she vanished? Certainly her hat and coat and bag had gone also, but everything else was here—even her sewing on the windowsill.

She had told the children to wait until she got their coats. She had gone up to the second floor presumably to get the coats. No one, apparently, had seen her since. Had she come down the stairs again? Or was she concealed somewhere in the house?

Slowly, in her mind, Brigit began to reconstruct Nurse Ellen's probable movements. She would go into the bedroom where the children slept. Their coats would be in the big wardrobe in which Nicky declared the doll called Clementine was still hidden. She would reach in for them.

Could she have stumbled, and the door closed on her, locking her in? But then someone would have heard her calling for help.

And, anyway, Prissie had been up to ascertain whether or not the children

had their coats. She would have opened the door to check on that. Nevertheless, the feeling was growing in Brigit that the interval between telling the children to wait in the hall and going upstairs was the vital one.

Suddenly she thought, "If I were to trace her steps," and on an overwhelming impulse she sat up in bed, switched on the light, and threw back the blankets. Slowly, very slowly, she swung her legs over the side of the bed. Could she stand?

With trembling hands she grasped the bedpost (surely no Spanish infanta had ever got so feebly and ignominiously out of this bed!) and gently let her weight go on to her feet. Her knees buckled ridiculously, but she did not fall. She could feel the chill of the polished floor on the soles of her feet. She could stand and feel!

Even as she was savoring this miracle, feet came shuffling rapidly along the passage and stopped at her door. Brigit, sinking on to the bed, saw Mrs. Hatchett, a rotund figure in a pink flannel dressing-gown, standing uncertainly in the shadows.

"Oh, Madam, you're awake," she said thankfully. "I'm that worried, I can't sleep. It's the noises."

"What noises?" Brigit demanded sharply.

"My ghost. No one else." Mrs. Hatchett's voice was a mixture of proprietary pride and anxiety. "He seems to have got shut in somewhere. He keeps calling 'Let me out!' It's never happened before. It's downright heart-rending. I can't stand it."

"What sort of a voice?"

"Oh, high and wailing."

"A man's?"

"Well, it doesn't sound like a man's, I must say. But do ghosts have a sex? That's one thing I've yet to find out. Why, Madam, you're all uncovered."

"I was too hot," Brigit said, impatient with the diversion. Her voice became urgent. "Mrs. Hatchett, will you do something, at once?"

"Certainly, Madam. Did you want a cup of tea?"

"No. I want you to go upstairs and look in the big wardrobe in the children's room. It's a very large wardrobe built into the wall. All their clothes and toys are kept in there. Go right into it, will you?"

"At this time of night, Madam? I'll wake the children."

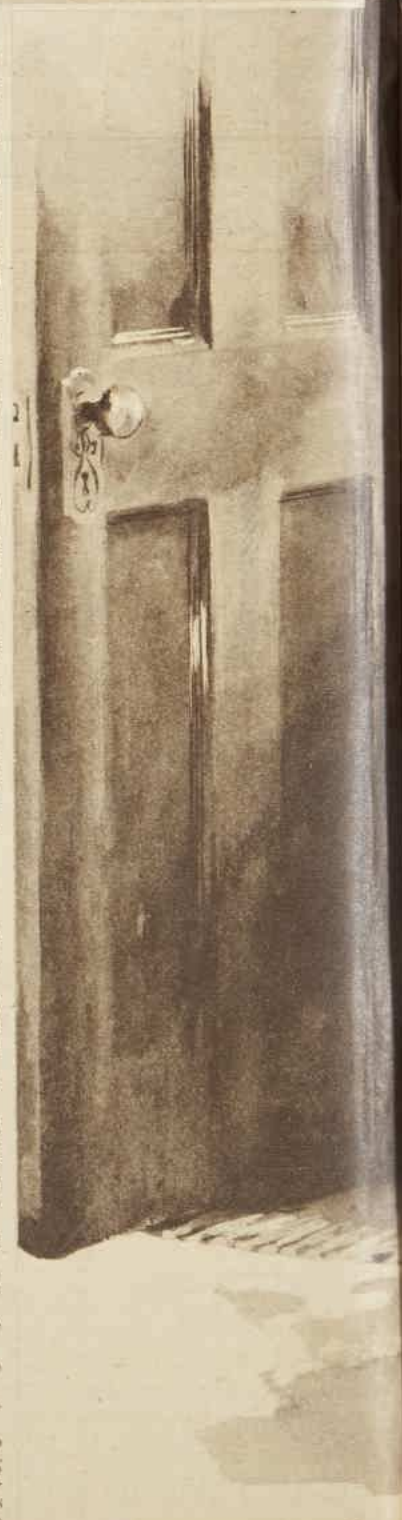
"Never mind if you do. But go at once."

Mrs. Hatchett's round, plain face was growing apprehensive.

"You're not expecting a—b-body, Madam?"

"Not if you can still hear that noise. But go quickly. Please!"

Brigit lay back, listening tensely to Mrs. Hatchett's dubious footsteps going towards the stairs. Oh, this was probably a mad fancy she had, but events could add up—the interval of a few





minutes to get the children's coats, the almost sinister wardrobe, and now the persistent voice crying . . .

It was fantastic, it was horrible, but— Her thoughts broke off as a scream echoed and re-echoed through the house.

It was Mrs. Hatchett, and she was possessed of impressive vocal chords. She screamed, "Save me! I'm falling! Save me!" until everyone was awake and running upstairs.

Brigit lay stricken with terror. She could not have moved now even had she tried.

She muttered over and over to herself: "Nicky, don't be too frightened. Please don't be too frightened," but she knew that Nicky's small body would be as paralysed as completely as her own.

It seemed hours before anyone came. Then it was Aunt Annabel, an unreal figure with flying grey hair, saying for Brigit not to worry, there had been a dreadful accident. But it was all right. It was all right!

"What?" Brigit managed to whisper.

"It's that big wardrobe, dear. The floor has rotted and it's over a well. Now, we never knew that. All these years and we never knew there was that enormous hole. Being right next to the chimney, of course, it's probably been a builder's fault that they covered up."

"But what has happened?" Brigit demanded.

"Mrs. Hatchett nearly fell down it, dear. She just managed to save herself. She said she was ghost hunting. Of all things!" Aunt Annabel played feverishly with the tie of her dressing-gown.

"But there is someone down it at the bottom," she blurted out, her face going grey.

"Nurse Ellen," Brigit whispered.

"I'm afraid so, dear. But she's alive. She spoke. Saunders and Guy are thinking of the best way to get her up. Mrs. Hatchett said she thought the noise of crying was her ghost. Bother that woman with her ghosts!" Aunt Annabel finished, glad to release her pent-up emotions in anger.

"At least Nurse Ellen has been found," said Brigit. She began to tremble violently and wanted to laugh hysterically. The terror of the unknown leaving her, now she suffered from this absurd reaction.

"Aunt Annabel, go up and help them. Bring the children down to me, and then try to help them."

Aunt Annabel's face puckered in helpless worry.

"All this is so bad for you."

"Never mind me. See that Nurse Ellen is all right."

It was Prissie who brought the children down. She carried Sarah, who was sleepy and bewildered, and held Nicky by the hand. Nicky looked as if he were sleep-walking. (Oh, Nicky, Nicky, when I get you home safely in the country I'll make all this up to you, Brigit cried silently.)

Without a word Prissie put Sarah in bed on one side of Brigit and Nicky on the other. Then she began to sob.

"I never knew there was that hole in the floor. I looked to see if the children's coats were gone, but they hang in the front and I saw them without putting the light on. She must have gone right into the

wardrobe for them and the floor collapsed. Oh, it's awful!"

She didn't cover her face with her hands. She stood there with her mouth twisted and the tears running unchecked down her cheeks.

"I never heard a thing," she said. "To think she's been calling since this afternoon. O-oo, I can't stand to think of it!"

"Don't take it to heart, dear. It's not your fault." Brigit's sympathy was instinctive. "After all, it might have been you if you had been a heavier person."

"I've walked in and out of there getting the children's toys—" Prissie shuddered violently. "Guy's going to get a rope. She says she can get up on a rope. It's only her leg that's hurt."

"Thank goodness for that." Brigit's mind sought and then slipped away from a worse horror. "Oh, thank goodness she's alive."

"Clementine said bad things would happen," Nicky said suddenly in his considering, too unnaturally calm voice.

"Clementine!"

"That's what she said," he declared, wrapping his cold arms tightly round Brigit.

In the morning the events of the night were mercifully blurred in Brigit's mind. Dr. Brown, who had been called to Nurse Ellen, had given Brigit a sedative that made her sleep without stirring and left her in a drowsy, unreal state long after daylight. It was even difficult to remember what had happened after Nurse Ellen's rescue.

Nurse Ellen had insisted on being taken into Brigit's room before leaving for the hospital to be

To page 40

Fergus and Prissie came into Brigit's room to say goodbye, Prissie looking so radiant in the new frock that Brigit's heart turned cold.



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# NO MATE

By CHESTER CUTCLIFFE

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

This month's teenager story... the 18-year-old author, who comes from Boorowa, N.S.W., is studying Science at Sydney University.

**B**OB had not been pleasantly surprised when his mother had told his father at the dinner table that she had had a letter from her brother, Allen, to say that he was arriving the next day on a short visit. Bob knew all about those "short visits."

Three times before in his fifteen-year-old life Uncle Allen had paid them a "short visit." The first time he had stayed for six months.

Mr. Jackson received the news dependently, making the remark, "I suppose he timed it so that you had no opportunity to telegram to put him off."

"Well, that isn't a very nice thing to say," Mrs. Jackson was slightly annoyed. "He's my brother, and we haven't seen him for three years."

Mrs. Jackson had forgotten the irritating fads and peculiarities of her brother which had almost driven her to tears when he had last been staying with them.

"But it's true, isn't it?" insisted Mr. Jackson. "He didn't give you a chance to say that we had guests or that Bob had chickenpox, did he?"

"But we haven't guests and Bob hasn't chickenpox, so it's all right," said Mrs. Jackson, with irrefutable logic. "I'll be very pleased to see him when he arrives tomorrow."

"You may be pleased to see him tomorrow, but how will you feel at the end of a month? Having to listen to his talking at you, night and day, almost nonstop for 28 days, 672 hours, 40,320 minutes..."

"Stop it!" snapped his wife. "I'll be pleased to have him as long as he likes to stay. He may talk a little too much, but it's intellectual talk, and I'll be glad to see him."

"Famous last words," whispered Mr. Jackson to his son as Mrs. Jackson went out to the kitchen. "I bet she'd eat her words if we played back a recording of this chat in a month's time."

Bob had a clear recollection of Uncle Allen, although he had been only twelve when his bachelor uncle had last stayed with them. (His father had said that no woman would marry Uncle Allen, because she would not be able to get even a word in edgewise.)

At that time his uncle's conversation had been for the most part above his level, and an enmity had grown up between them, especially after Uncle Allen had accidentally walked into a stream of water from Bob's water pistol on his way to church one Sunday morning. Uncle Allen had not been amused.

Hostility had increased when Uncle Allen had said in a supercilious voice, "Robert," (Uncle Allen did not approve of contractions), "is rather under-developed, is he not?"

This had been a bit below the belt, for Bob was the smallest boy in his class at school and the other boys did not let him forget it.

Now, after three years, Bob was willing to overlook the more disagreeable traits in his uncle's character, for he remembered the ten-shilling note which his uncle had given him at the end of his last visit. Perhaps this time he would receive a pound. Bob was saving up for a petrol aeroplane engine, and if Uncle Allen left him a pound he would have sufficient money to buy the engine.

Bob hoped that Uncle Allen remembered his good points and had forgotten the water pistol episode.

When Bob came home from school the next afternoon he found his uncle sitting up in the most comfortable armchair, talking to his mother over afternoon tea. Uncle Allen continued to talk while his mother prepared the tea, talked to his father, who was just home from work, and talked during the meal.

After tea Mr. Jackson felt he had earned a rest from the chatter.

He owned a barber's shop, so he had to talk to and listen to his customers during the day and in the evening he wanted to relax with the newspaper. Seeing that his brother-in-law was about to buttonhole him, he thought quickly.

"I suppose you play chess?" he suggested. "Why don't you give Bob a game while his mother and I do the washing-up?"

"I am not such a Philistine as not

to play chess," said Uncle Allen severely. "I shall be only too delighted to give Robert the benefit of my superior knowledge. The word 'chess,' as you may not know, is derived from the..."

"Quite so," cut in Mr. Jackson hastily, "but I must get on to that washing-up."

Bob had saved up to buy a heavy chess set, of which he was quite proud. Uncle Allen did not deign to admire the pieces, although they were delicately carved.

With the beginning of the game a change came over Uncle Allen. He stopped talking and concentrated. It was clear from the outset that he had no intention of making allowances for Bob's youth. But Bob played "A" grade chess for the school and asked for no concessions.

Uncle Allen opened with the Queen's Gambit and Bob, realising that his father would appreciate the game's lasting as long as possible, spent plenty of time between moves, thinking them out. When he managed, by a fine piece of combination work, to exchange a rook for his uncle's queen, Uncle Allen's forefinger crept up to his brow and began to twist a curl, which hung over his forehead.

Bob watched, fascinated, as the finger twirled the curl around and around while Uncle Allen's eyes surveyed the position. For ten minutes he neither moved nor spoke. Then he made his move.

Bob had been almost hypnotised by his uncle's curl. He found he could no longer concentrate on the game and, although he had the advantages of both superior forces and superior position, the enemy king managed to escape his threats and

Bob found himself unexpectedly mated.

"You play a rather unsound game," Uncle Allen said loftily.

Bob was annoyed, for he blamed his failure to win on the hypnotic qualities of his uncle's curl.

"I gave you a good run for your money," he declared defiantly.

"Money?" sneered Uncle Allen. "We were not betting anything on this game. I will tell you what we will do. We will play one game every night until my departure. If you succeed in beating me even once before I go I will give you a pound. If you do not win I will give you no present this visit."

"You're on," Bob exclaimed.

By this time Mr. Jackson had finished reading the newspaper and Uncle Allen went over to concentrate on him while Bob slipped away to do his homework.

The next night Uncle Allen won easily, but on the night after that the game developed into such a battle and lasted so long that Mr. Jackson finished the washing-up and the paper and came over to watch the game. Uncle Allen succeeded in winning again.

"I know I ought to be able to beat him," Bob confided to his father after several more failures. "It's the way he twiddles his hair that makes me lose. If only he'd stop it, even for one night, I'd have a chance."

Uncle Allen's visit dragged on and it was not until three weeks had passed that he announced that he would be leaving in two days' time.

"I'm sorry you're going," said Mrs. Jackson. (Was there a shade of relief in her voice?)

Mr. Jackson thought, "Thank goodness he's going," but Bob's reaction to the news was different. He now had only two chances, tonight and tomorrow night, in which to win the pound.

"As you're going home so soon, Allen, you had better come down to the shop tomorrow and I'll give you a haircut," Mr. Jackson suggested. "You can have your shoes polished or your nails manicured, too."

"Thank you very much. I should be pleased to take advantage of your

kind offer," said Uncle Allen formally.

That night Bob was again defeated, and as he went off to bed he realised he had only one more opportunity. He had analysed the games he had played with Uncle Allen and had tried to find out where he had made his mistakes. During his lunch-time at school he had spent his time watching his schoolfriends' games, particularly the opening moves, for he felt that with a good opening he could gain an advantage of position.

When Bob sat down to tea on the last evening of Uncle Allen's visit he noticed that his uncle's hair was neatly parted and shining with hair oil.

"Allen looks quite handsome now, doesn't he?" Mrs. Jackson said playfully to her husband. "You certainly gave him a good hair-cut."

After tea Mrs. Jackson stacked the dishes and then left them to watch the last game. Mr. Jackson put his paper aside and came over to sit beside her.

In the drawing of colors Uncle Allen drew white and opened the game with the Queen's Gambit. Bob took his time, trying to see as far ahead as possible the consequences of each move.

When he began to press the attack Uncle Allen's hand strayed to his forehead, seeking the lock of hair. His hand fumbled and then dropped to his lap again.

From then on he played with an air of desperation and seemed unable to concentrate. They played on for six more moves, and then Uncle Allen rose to his feet, knocking over his king.

"I concede this match to you," he said abruptly. He brought out his wallet and gave a pound note to Bob. Then, turning to his sister, he said, "I am rather tired and, as I have a long journey ahead of me tomorrow, I will go to bed. Good-night." He stalked out of the room.

"Good!" said Mr. Jackson. Then, jokingly, he said to his son, "You really ought to give me a ten per cent. commission. After all, I did make him lose by snipping off that curl while he was having his hair cut today."

(Copyright)

Page 7



All the time they played chess Uncle Allen twirled the curl that hung over his forehead.

THE house came awake in shuddering starts of nervous energy. Upstairs, Henry slammed the taps on and off in the bathroom; Nelda waited impatiently in their bedroom for him to finish. She began the moment he appeared in the doorway: "I was just in there. She's still asleep. She's got her nightgown on inside out!"

Even as she spoke she knew what crime her sister was guilty of. She had come upon her sister in her sleep, surrounded by all of her disregard for propriety: candy wrappers left on the night stand, a book dropped to the floor, and all those artless little bouquets pushed into water glasses made up of flowers which did not go well together. Yes, she knew what it was that had pricked her so. Margaret had looked so young.

"It's because she's so plump," Nelda told herself, blunting the edge of the truth. "It's because she's round-faced and stolid and matter-of-fact."

Her next breath was an outcry: "It's such a waste, leaving her all that money. She'll eat it up."

Henry was busy with his tie. Its knot had to be exactly centred. "What did you say?" he questioned, blinking his eyes solemnly.

"I was saying that Grandfather Kemble was a fool to leave his money to Margaret. What can she possibly do with it? She wears her nightgowns inside out!"

Henry and Nelda ate their breakfast without Margaret, who was still sleeping. The flaming summer day pushed at them with its opened flowers and heavy, sweet air. They made very little of its beauty until Margaret appeared in her dressing-gown, her hair pushed carelessly off her forehead.

Then, only she appeared comfortable with the scent of asters and roses and freshly watered grass. She made them seem stiff and everyday, funereally clean and washed and dressed.

"I'll have two eggs if I may," she announced, and paused on her way to her chair to kiss Nelda.

"The cheque arrived from the lawyers," Nelda said, watching her sister sip her coffee. "Henry was going to put it under your plate, but I have it in my bag upstairs. After you've eaten I'll give it to you."

"I'd like another cup of coffee," said Margaret, "and I'm afraid there's no more cream."

"You ought to learn to drink it black," said Nelda. "Less calories."

The sisters looked at each other. The moment was in delicate balance between anger and laughter, then Margaret smiled. "I don't care," she said, enjoying herself. "I don't care at all."

After Henry had left, Nelda began: "Maggie, listen; I want to talk quite seriously to you."

Margaret's hands warmed themselves against her coffee cup. "All right."

"I'm going to be blunt," Nelda's words already jabbed needle-sharp across the breakfast table.

"All right."

"I think you should try to take yourself in hand. You're twenty-five and you're not married and we both know why." Nelda could no longer look at her sister's eyes. Margaret had lovely eyes, deep and penetrating. She forced herself instead to look out into the garden. It was the garden she berated and accused.

"You have no discipline, you indulge yourself. Now you've got this money there's a lot of sensible things you can do. Go to one of these beauty salons and let them take charge of you, put you on a strict diet, strenuous exercise, teach you how to make up, advise you on colors. It will cost you money, but it will be worth it. It might take a year."

"And then what?" inquired Margaret mildly.

"Why, then—" For a moment Nelda resisted the potential of her plan. Finally she said slowly, "Perhaps you'll marry."

"Perhaps I will, anyway," said Margaret.

The indomitable egotism of it made Nelda angrier than she wanted to be. "Oh, for heaven's sake!" she cried. "Look at yourself!"

"I have very nice small feet," said Margaret. She leaned across the table and patted her sister's hand. "Nelda, Nelda," she said affectionately, as she would have to a child. "Darling, give me my money and let me stay in your lovely house until I sail, and I'll ask for nothing more."

"Sail?" Nelda sat up and stared.

Margaret lifted the spoon from the jam and licked it.

"Yes," she said, "I'm going to Paris. I'll send you some nice perfume and a silk blouse."

"Well, aren't you the one," said Nelda, aghast. "Do you know where you'll stay?"

"Yes," said Margaret, her face brightening. "It's outside Paris, about twenty miles. It's a little inn."

"How did you hear of it?" Already Nelda's interest was waning.

"A friend of mine has been there. Miss Heldinger. You know her—she's at the library."

A vision of Miss Heldinger filled Nelda's mind. Yes, pale Miss Heldinger, with her heavy, knotted hair and peasant blouses. How the loveless clung together; how they found each other out. It was truly remarkable.

Margaret smiled. "When Miss Heldinger told me about this place I made up my mind to go. She knows more about beautiful things than anyone I've ever known."

"You'll have to get some new clothes," said Nelda. "And get dark things, Margaret. Not flowered prints or bright colors. You always get flowered prints."

"Ah," said Margaret, "that's because I see myself as the flowered-print type."

"They make you look big," said Nelda, "They're for slim people."

"I've got a slim soul," said Margaret, "and one flowered voile and one bright green frock. I bought them yesterday."

"Well," said Nelda, shuddering, "I suppose you know what you're doing."

"No, I don't, really," said Margaret. "That's what makes it so wonderful. I'm stepping off into space."

"I suppose you've been bored here," Nelda said evenly.

"I'm never bored," said Margaret. "Now I have to find out if I'm boring. I can't do that here. Everyone here knows me and forgives me."

"Forgives you? Whatever for?" asked Nelda.

"For not caring that I'm so plump." She said it placidly, quietly. It was startling to hear her say it out like that.

"Don't be a goose," said Nelda crossly. She did not know how to cope with this. It was as if Margaret had accused herself of murder.

"It's true," said Margaret. "They're so nice about me but they don't really know me." She laughed suddenly and deeply. "Two things happen when I'm around. My hostess or host either passes things to me constantly or not at all. On the one hand it's 'poor Margaret; let her eat; it's all she has'; or 'I'm not going to aid and abet her'."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Nelda.

"There is only the fat me," said Margaret. "I'm going away to try to find the other me, if there is one."

Nelda stood up abruptly. "Come upstairs," she said, unwilling to talk further, "and I'll give you the cheque. I'll let you borrow my black coat if you can get into it."

"At least," she thought, "she'll go in a sensible coat. If I left her to herself she'd probably buy a bright red one."

Margaret did buy a bright red coat. She wrapped herself in it as she might have wrapped herself in a banner, bravely and defiantly. It was thus injured that she went out into the world . . .

The coat was a great success. It drew attention wherever she went. The concierge at her hotel seemed anxious to please a person so boldly attired, and everyone who served her was drawn towards her as if towards a warming fire.

"They have confirmed your reservations at the inn, madame," said the travel agent. "You will have a beautiful journey there. You will enjoy it." He spoke to her as if in confidence, certain that a woman in such a coat would understand the beauties of the countryside better than anyone else.

And it was all he promised. The ribbon of road was a bridal veil of white blossoms trembling delicately in the breeze. Were they really white or pink? Margaret held her hand out of the window of the little bus, reaching towards them, as if hoping to gather the petals to her.

The woman next to her ate a piece of cheese with her eyes closed, chewing rhythmically. Margaret was not disturbed by her. She belonged in the scene. She kept the warm summer day from being too indolent, too rich to bear. She made Margaret remember that she was hungry. She began to want to be in the inn eating a good lunch.

The bus jolted and lurched, and finally spilled its passengers out into the dust of the square. A

To page 46

"I was fishing," Henri told Margaret, "for a great silver carp who was in no hurry to be caught, and so I forgot the time."



Margaret had her inheritance and now  
she could sail away in search of all the  
beautiful things she had wanted for so long.

# Hungry Heart

BY HARRIET FRANK

ILLUSTRATED  
BY LASKIE





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PL 129.WW143g

## Letters from our Readers

*£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.*

### THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

A BROKEN engagement entails so much unpleasantness and embarrassment for the couple concerned—especially for the girl—that rather than face it some young people will run into an unwise marriage. I consider that when a couple become engaged they are serving merely a probationary period prior to "signing on" for the lifelong job of matrimony. If either party decides that it would not be possible to make a success of marriage, surely that decision is his or her affair entirely and should not be gossip for friends. The unasked-for sympathy which is extended, the talk and surmises or cynical amusement which the broken engagement often causes are despicable. It should be treated sensibly as a natural event, and either party should be able to step out of an engagement without being despised.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. C. Grant, Hawthorn, Vic.

A VILLAGE in France has its yearly Queen contest among the young women and the method of choosing the village queen should be an ideal to us. She is not chosen for her conformity to the new standard of the tape measure, but for such attributes as her pleasing personality, kindness, goodness, etc. It rather puts to shame such false ideals as are given such acclaim today.

10/6 to Mrs. F. Wilson, Randwick, N.S.W.

OFTEN neighbors who are good friends have fallen out through the squabbling and arguments of their children. Unless a child is hurt in a fight, parents should not interfere, as generally the argument is forgotten and the children are friendly again.

10/6 to Mrs. R. Jukes, Armadale, Vic.

IS it necessary for children of 12 and 13 to pay adult prices into amusement shows and picture theatres? Children do not enjoy school holidays unless they can go to these places frequently. If prices were reduced at these places children's wishes would be fulfilled, and at the end of a fortnight's holiday they would not be looking forward to school after a holiday with nothing to do. We children are not allowed to work until we are 15.

10/6 to Jan Kay, Newtown, N.S.W.

MEN should cultivate a constructive hobby. Just watch the average man wandering aimlessly round the house on a wet Saturday afternoon. With all sports cancelled and nothing to do except stay at home, he is bored stiff. Statistics show that women on the whole outlive men, probably because they can fill in the days more contentedly. Men should look ahead to their retirement and in the meantime cultivate some hobbies which will fill in their time when they are no longer so active.

10/6 to "Woman" (name supplied), Strathfield, N.S.W.

### Housework hater

I WOULD like to reply to "They can pull me to bits," who says she loathes washing dishes—in fact, all housework, and she doesn't like ruining her nails. I am going on for 13, and because my mother has had an accident my 14-year-old brother and I do all the housework. Saturday morning my brother sweeps the house through and I scrub the floors. In the morning before school we do the dishes and make our beds. I help with the cooking and often cook all the breakfast and the tea. When mother goes to hospital in October she knows that we will be able to look after the house and cook for dad and ourselves. I am glad all mothers do not think like "You can pull me to bits," otherwise what sort of mothers and housewives would we

children make? Incidentally, soapy water keeps the hands and nails clean and soft. 10/6 to "Don't mind housework and cooking" (name supplied), Port Adelaide, S.A.

I WOULD like to know how anyone can like housework. My sympathy goes to "You can pull me to bits," who hates it. To me it is the last word, but has to be done, worse luck. How anybody can like housework is quite beyond me. There must be worse jobs about, such as working on garbage carts, but anything involving dirt does not appeal to me either.

10/6 to "Sympathiser" (name supplied), Melbourne.

### Boy-size swears

I READ with interest the "Family Affairs" letter written by "Still Copeing Mother" telling how she solved the swearing problem of her two boys. I decided to try out the method on my own small sons. I patiently explained to my four-year-old that there were special swear words such as "dash it" for little boys to use and that the other words he'd used were only for grown men. He looked at me quite seriously for a moment, then said, "What words are for mothers, Mum?"

10/6 to "Also Trying to Cope" (name supplied), Kempsey, N.S.W.

## Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

OURS is a "service" family and consequently my husband is away frequently, often for a long time. My problem, common to all service wives, is always to keep Daddy in the proper perspective in the home. To do this, whenever my husband is away at sea, I try to include him in every possible way in our daily routine.

If I am mending his clothes, tidying his possessions or writing to him, I allow the children to help. The eldest—a boy of five—is proud to "do Daddy's jobs and help Mummy" with chores in yard and garden. Pictures of the ship in which my husband serves are another constant reminder to the little ones. Our hobbies include making small cardboard ship models. Our four-year-old daughter is gradually learning to use a calendar by noting that the day when the ship will return is indicated with red chalk—a genuine red-letter day. We use an atlas, too, to show "where Daddy is" day by day. The children understand that some decisions must wait "until I discuss it with Daddy" and thus realise that his position as head of the house is very real and it is guarded even when he is not present.

When his letters arrive, I share them as much as possible with the little ones—for one the stamps, for another the gay air-mail envelope, for the eldest a description of something seen or done.

Finally, when day is done and four shining heads are drooping, tiny voices are uplifted in the prayer, "God bless Daddy, Daddy's ship, and all who sail in her."

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Lyons, Lawson, N.S.W.



*STANWELL PARK, 35 miles south of Sydney, is one of the noted beauty spots of N.S.W. Shirley King, of Clifton Gardens, took this picture from Bald Hill looking south towards the thriving steel city of Wollongong.*

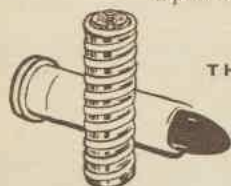
## BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

*BONDI, N.S.W., is the playground of thousands during the swimming season and one of the chief attractions for visitors. Geoffrey Hughes, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., took this picture of the rocks at Ben Buckler, North Bondi.*





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## THE VETERANS

By Eric Lambert

A realistic, sincere and powerful story of people and times we all knew—of wartime Sydney with Americans, rackets and the black market, and of Australian troops on leave here before going to New Guinea for a new kind of war.

Price 15/6 from all Booksellers

# YOU *are responsible* FOR YOUR FACE

BY the time you're 21, and old enough to vote, you are also responsible for your face and for the wrinkles you're tracing on it each time you frown, smile, look puzzled or annoyed.

No, it's useless to say, "I haven't wrinkles."

The denial may be true if you're gazing

• There is a simple way to true beauty, says Parisian expert Anne-Marie Cazalis in this fascinating article.

into your mirror with the impassive look of a haughty camel—and are holding your breath at the same time.

But try talking, smiling, frowning, and you'll see those wrinkles, or their first faint signs of those "premature, permanent wrinkles," which muscle contractions cause when you show emotion of any kind.

You are responsible for your emotions. Laugh all the time and you'll soon have crinkles round the mouth and eyes. Let your nerves get the better of you, and you'll soon summon up a fretful frown and drooping corners to the lips.

Be less hilarious, less anxious, and most of those deep-etched

wrinkles will smooth out.

Wrinkles are often very attractive, as long as they're not allowed to take a grip of your face and mesh it over like a coffee strainer.

If you're very old, you may combat wrinkling to a degree by looking after your health, and by using skin creams—though the wrinkling will probably be permanent.

While you're young, remember that you are responsible for the lines on your face, and are quite capable of removing them if you start now to discipline your emotions.

Meanwhile, look at the faces sketched on these pages, see how the wrinkles match the character of the owner, and be inspired to smooth out your own lines.

## Emotion lines

SHE'LL have horizontal wrinkles across the



forehead, because she's been unconsciously contracting the frontal muscle when she shows her reactions to impressions and feelings. (In these sketches, lines represent wrinkles, shadings show the guilty muscles responsible. These muscles are stretched, and so cause the wrinkles. To remove the facial lines, the muscles concerned should be relaxed).

## Anxiety lines

VERTICAL tram tracks above the nose, hori-



zontal forehead lines, and crow's feet round the eyes betray this worrier over the woes of the world. The owner of these wrinkles should forget about the global situation for a while, and should turn attention to the facial one. The continual contracting of the "frontal" and "eyebrow" muscles are responsible for these wrinkles. Let the muscles relax for a while, then see how the wrinkles fade out of sight.

## Surprise lines

THE wrinkles will be above each eyebrow,



and arched like the eyebrows, too. She's emotional, interested in what's going on, and, in consequence, affects the wide-eyed, raised-eyebrow look. The external frontal muscle is the one to blame. Though it's pleasant to show surprise, it's a pity to keep moving eyebrows up and down like a Venetian blind. Astonish your friends by keeping eyebrows stationary, and by smoothing out those lines.

## Worry lines

THE owner of these wrinkles tends to be



timid, uneasy, shy when meeting strangers, and a fussy over trifles. Folded eyebrows, frowning brows, furrows from the corners of the nose to the corners of the mouth, and some wrinkles over the eyebrows make any onlooker uneasy. Muscle control and more confidence can do wonders for the worrier and her type of face.

## Studios lines

SHE is intelligent, and concentrates on what-



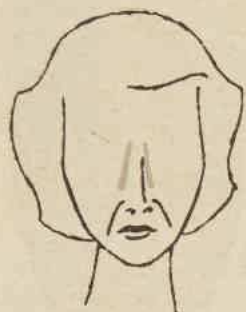
ever she is doing. Vertical frown lines between the eyes and wrinkles on the bridge of the nose should be allowed to cancel themselves out like a mathematical problem. (Concentrate on contracting the frontal muscles). Possessors of these wrinkles react in an intense way to ideas and impressions, are inclined to be obstinate and serious-minded.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 15, 1955

# LINES TELL YOUR CHARACTER

## Disdain lines

THOSE scornful wrinkles, which run like two brackets from the corners



of the nose to the corners of the mouth, turn the owner's face into a supercilious mask. It's a deceptive appearance, because the face usually belongs to a woman who is often lonely, longing for sympathy, yet resenting it. She isolates herself behind a barrier which fends off friendly approaches. If she tried to show her true feelings and a little more warmth, her life would be happier and her face much smoother.

*Nothing is so revealing about your true self as your facial wrinkles. In smoothing them out you improve your character.*

## Simper lines

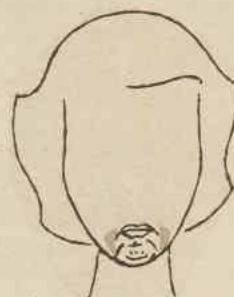
SHE may feel like a little girl who has never



grown up in the big world, but those wrinkles round the mouth are growing with the years. Coquettish, rather affected, she is ultra feminine, thinks that "men are just children," loves to flirt and to receive compliments. Keep those compliments coming by forgetting the little girl act, and by behaving like a poised woman of distinctive charm.

## Nervous lines

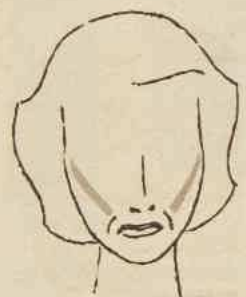
WHEN she's worried, she has a habit of sucking in her cheeks, and this



wrinkles her chin and lowers the corners of her mouth. The lines are drawn below her lower lip, as she wonders whether to do this, or to do that. Easily embarrassed and hesitant, she would rather follow the lead of others than make up her own mind. If she were to take time over her decisions (which she is quite capable of making) she would lose her nervousness and her wrinkles.

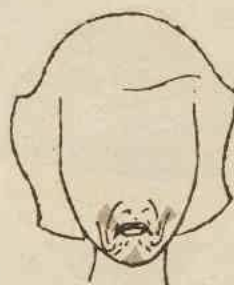
## Suffering lines

IN fact, or in imagination, she feels persecuted, misunderstood, and these



upper-lip wrinkles add to the look of misery. The lines are produced by the "little zygomatic muscle," the one which creases the furrow running from the wings of the nose to the corners of the mouth. If the suffering is physical, this woman should consult her doctor. Otherwise she should try to acquire a brighter outlook and to remember that her ideas of persecution may be purely the result of imagination.

## Scorn lines



WRINKLES of the lips and nose prove that this person tends to suspect and to scorn others. She thinks that things are "in bad taste," and finds fault when matters are done differently to the way she would chose to do them. While these lines are faint, and can be removed, wipe out suspicious thoughts by using a little more generosity and tolerance.

## Laugh lines

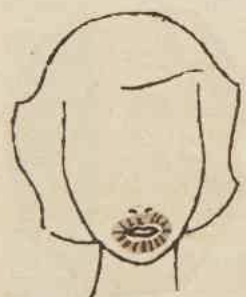
THIS happy character is the one to give the quick smile, the bright



remark, the contented chuckle. She may have smile lines round her mouth and deep lines at the corners of her eyes. But people think those lines part of her attraction, and love watching her when she throws back her head, crinkles up her eyes, and sees the joke. Though she could easily wipe out these lines by being less animated and talkative, friends would not thank her for changing.

## On guard lines

LINES which run like rays round the lips are brought about by watch-



fulness and that feeling of being on guard. The woman with this face doesn't laugh or talk easily, but pinches up her mouth, and bottles up her emotions. Keeping a "tight upper lip" she also keeps her wrinkles. If she were to talk more, smile more (drawing out the corners of her lips) and lead a brighter social life, her character and her wrinkles would soften.

## Sarcasm lines

POSSESSING a bitter wit, she is inclined to



be mocking and malicious. As her sense of mockery deepens, so do the hollowed lines from nose to lip corners. Her smile is wide, and rather cruel, and little lines appear on the bridge of her nose. These lines would soften if she cultivated a gentler wit, and if she were more patient with those less intelligent or keener-humored.

## Bitter lines

EYES, nose, and mouth are stamped with the wrinkles of bitterness and of sadness. The mouth be-



comes almost rectangular when this woman broods over some past disappointment or injustice. Filled away in her memory are her regrets. She blames others sometimes, but more often herself, for the chances she passed over. Deeply sensitive, she thinks mostly of the past, rarely of the present, never of the future. If it is not too late, she should change her way of thinking, so that the future for her and her face will be something to be regarded pleasantly.

## Aggression lines

"THEY can't do this to me," she thinks. "I'll show them." She closes her



mouth determinedly, gives an angry frown, and battles through life antagonising people. At the first sign of aggressiveness the muscles bring the wrinkles round the lips and eyes into being. Stop that hostile feeling while the lines are not yet deeply marked, shrug your shoulders, think "So what," and you'll keep your friends and get rid of your wrinkles. It's far more pleasant than keeping the wrinkles and losing the friends.

## Precise lines

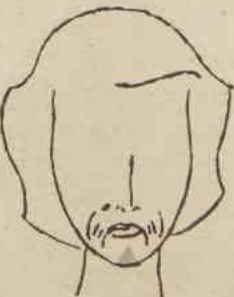
SHE fusses over every detail, runs her home



and her life by the clock, is never late for an appointment, and never forgets a thing. The only thing she has forgotten are the crow's feet stamping themselves into place at the corners of her eyes. Always a perfectionist, she is a stickler for routine. A new thought could be to have a routine which turns attention to the face, which stresses the better method of relaxing.

## Pout lines

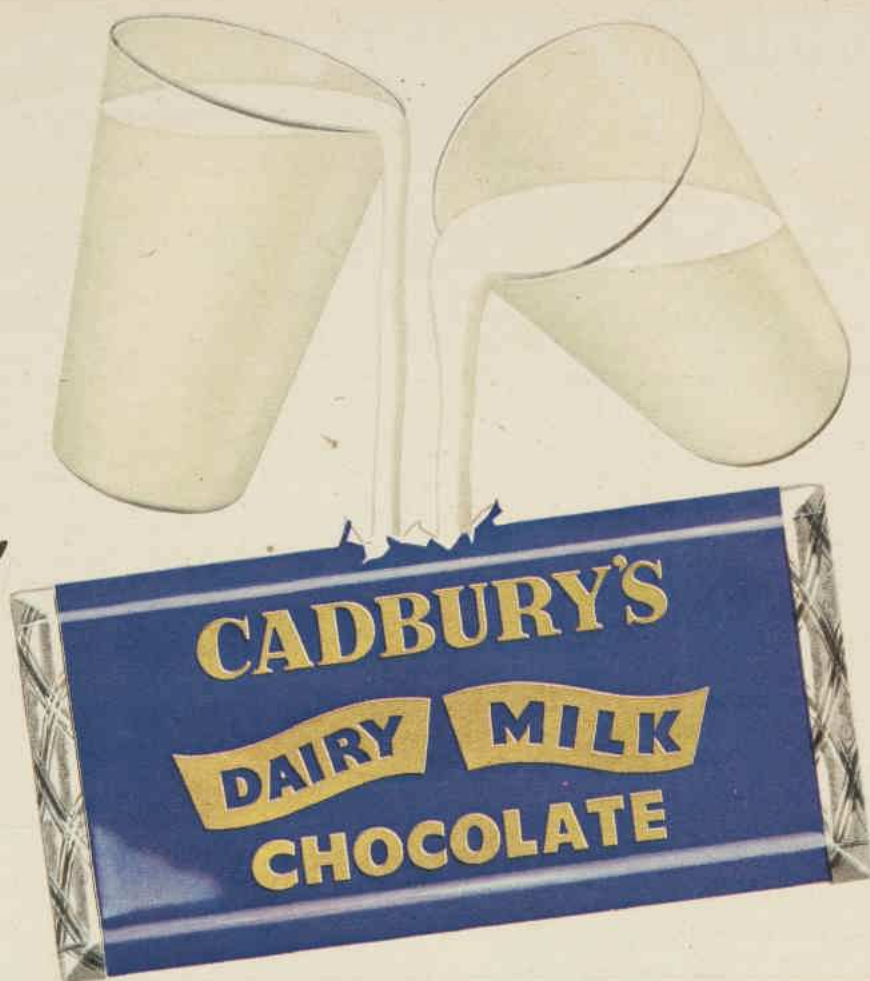
NOTHING ever seems to go right for the possessor of these wrinkles



at the corners of the lips. She sticks her lower lip out (in children they say it's pouting), and finds fault with people and the things they do. Most of the time, she conveys the impression that she could have done the job more efficiently, but that she has never been given the chance. If she gave those wrinkles a chance by going about the world with a pleasanter outlook, the satisfaction she seeks might come.

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**CADBURY'S** — by Mountain and Sea



# ALICE AND THE AGA KHAN



YAKIMOUR, the Aga Khan's villa at Le Cannet, near Cannes, is one of the show places of the French Riviera. At the villa, a side view of which is shown here, the 78-year-old potentate holds almost constant court for celebrities visiting the Mediterranean during the fashionable season.



AUSTRALIAN NURSE, Alice Messenger, who for the last six months has been caring for the ailing Aga Khan, sits on the famous flower-planted steps leading to Yakimour.

## Australian girl is nursing one of world's richest men

In the background of the glittering social court which the Aga Khan holds in his annual progress through the smart centres of Europe hovers a tall, attractive blond Australian. She is his nurse, Sydney-born Alice Messenger.

ALICE has been caring for the ailing Aga Khan for six months now. He is anxious for Alice to remain permanently as his nurse, but she has her mind set on coming home again.

Alice is breezy, humorous, and remains unimpressed by the fabulous aura surrounding life with the Aga Khan and his entourage. In spite of its wealth and color, Alice said, "I miss the life back home." Her home is at Double Bay, Sydney, where her father is a launch proprietor.

"I first came abroad with my sister Ernestine—she's a nurse, too—to see the Coronation," Alice told me. "I stayed in London to do a year of midwifery and to

make a tour of the Continent.

"At the end of my year's work, I looked around for a nursing job—and this one came up."

Alice's first interview with the Aga Khan promised to be awesome. She travelled to Cannes with an English nurse who was also applying for the job. On the way, the other girl lectured her on the virtues of formality, respect, and discretion that such a job demanded.

It was a somewhat bemused Miss Messenger who presented herself for the interview.

### "Breezed in"

SHE told me: "I decided I couldn't be anybody but myself and that, anyway, I had nothing to lose. I just breezed in and talked with His Highness as I would with anybody else. And, you know—I think that was what got me this job."

"The Aga Khan is immensely interested in people, but he gets a little restless at flattery, obsequiousness—all that sort of thing. He holds open house to hundreds of people, is a marvellous host, and adores conversation."

"The nicest thing about him

is that he is absolutely without snobbery."

"For any girl who likes an atmosphere of luxury and not too much work, I imagine this is the ideal job. I am free the whole day, and only go to the villa at nine every night to see the Prince to bed and take over the night shift."

"I have so much leisure that I hardly know what to do with it. I've taken to plundering the library, which has a magnificent range of reading. So far I've read an average of a book a day. The Aga Khan has every book that Somerset Maugham ever wrote; he's become my favorite author. The prince is a highly cultured man, but if I hadn't come to know him I should never have dreamed that it was he who did the actual writing of his memoirs."

"In fact, he dictated his book, drawing on all the wealth of interest and experience that have crowded his life as fluently as he might chat to a friend."

The famous Cannes villa of the Aga Khan, Yakimour, is a dream home set high on the hills above the fashionable quarter of Cannes. With its magnificent floral staircase rising between sentinel lines of cypress to a terrace dotted with fountains, a luxury swimming-pool not yet completed, and the tiled Provençal-style villa itself, Yakimour is the social focus of the Riviera.

The greatest celebrities make a social pilgrimage here.

During the recent Cannes Film Festival, Yakimour remained open for stars from all over the world. They rolled up in their gleaming convertibles to the grilled gate, then

up the steep, winding drive which ends on the top of the hill in a flowered courtyard.

Seated in a deep easy chair in the great lounge, the Aga Khan held almost constant court, bestowing his benign gallantries on the screen's loveliest women—like Italy's Gina Lollobrigida, who stayed kneeling by his chair with the Begum so that they could all talk more easily.

Alice Messenger said that the Aga Khan's health had improved vastly since his serious illness early in the year.

"When I first came to nurse him in September he was a very sick man. We moved from Cannes to Egypt, and there he fell seriously ill. He has recovered wonderfully now."

"He is one of those people who has been ailing all his life. I think he knows as much about medicine, almost, as the doctors who attend him."

"But he is the most considerate patient I have ever met—not the least bit querulous. You know—he's an absolute pet to the people who work for him."

### Generous prince

ONE instance of the prince's kindness is the car Alice uses. The Aga Khan gave her a smart little Renault run-about for her personal use. She is a fast and slightly hair-raising driver, but expert—more than a match at dodging trouble among the wild joyriders who career along the coastal highways. The car has enabled her to roam the whole picturesque length of the Riviera, to sunbathe, swim, discover new views and eating-places.

"I have a very liberal allowance for living out. It would be perfect—if it weren't for the beach Romeos. They're pests. A girl just has to pick up her things and move along the beach every now and then

to escape them. It's infuriating!" Alice is tanned a deep bronze by the Riviera sun and sparkles with lively good health.

I said, "Those beach Romeos—it's your Anglo-Saxon blondness that does it."

She laughed. "I can do without them. Anyway, when you're always on the move as I am, you don't meet anybody for long enough to know them well, much less get entangled."

The Prince has offered to pay her return air passage to Sydney so that Alice Messenger can have a holiday with her family.

"In that way," he said, "you would only be away from us for a little over a month."

Alice said, "I was tempted—but I think I'll turn it down. When I leave nursing the Aga Khan, however pleasant he

and the Begum have made my job, it will be for good. I want to see my people, taste the life at home again, and then get down to the really hard job of nursing once more—a career job. I'm thinking of going on to Hong Kong to do some work there."

When I travelled to Yakimour to meet her, Alice Messenger was packing her bags to accompany the Aga Khan on his annual tour of the fashionable spots of Europe. She was leaving that night.

"First, we go to Aix-les-Bains for the waters, then on to Switzerland, then Paris, England, and back to Cannes in September; then on, probably via Italy, to Assuan."

"It's a fascinating way of seeing the world, to travel in these surroundings, but the prince's only real need of a nurse now is when he is actually travelling. That's still a bit strenuous for him."

"Socially he has been taking it easily these last few months. He drove down for one or two premieres at the Film Festival in Cannes and received most of his friends up here."

"But the Begum adored it. I think she attended almost every premiere. One night an American columnist among the people who applauded her as she made her entrance shouted, 'Princess—you're quite a gal!'

"It amused her immensely. She accepted it as a great compliment."

"But all the kindness is not enough to keep Alice Messenger away from home much longer. She said, 'Yes, I suppose many might envy me the life I've been leading here.'

"The thing I appreciate most is that the Aga Khan and Her Highness treat me as a real human being, not as a servant. Being an independent creature helps, I suppose. And they are sweet about wanting me to stay."

"But although it has been a wonderful experience, I can honestly say that I won't miss it a bit when I get back home, which will be towards the end of this year."



THE AGA KHAN sits enthroned at his platinum jubilee celebration in Cairo this year. His followers presented him with his weight in platinum—£300,000 worth in sterling.



THE BEGUM, the Aga Khan's third wife, who was French dancer and beauty queen, Yvette Labrousse.

# Our Italian Parades

● The sophisticated clothes shown on these pages are from our Italian collection, to have its gala premiere this week in conjunction with David Jones Ltd., Sydney. Showings at Wagga, N.S.W., will be on June 13, 14. When the Sydney season closes on June 28, the parades will go to McWhirter's Ltd., Brisbane, from July 2 to 8. Showings will be held at the Myer Emporium, Melbourne, from July 16 to 28, and at Charles Birks' Adelaide store from August 1 to 9. Perth will see them at David Jones' from August 15 to 19.



**SHORT EVENING DRESS** of white grosgrain by Capucci of Rome. The long torso is moulded from the straight, high neckline. At the knee the fullness breaks into the new table-napkin folds. The black shoes and suede gloves provide a dramatic highlight.

**MALIBU BEACH**, by Veneziani of Milan. Three-piece suit of pink-and-white shirt, white calf-length pants, and wide white skirt buttoned from waist to hem and embroidered in straw in a palm-leaf pattern. The flat shoes are of white satin embroidered in rhinestones.



**AFTERNOON DRESS** by Volpe of Rome. The satiny fabric is patterned in the subtle tonings and quaint shapes of green peppers. The unusual straw market basket carried by the model is filled with ripening peppers in reds and yellows.





"GEMMA." Emilio of Florence presents his gem-patterned slacksuits in vivid red and green. Emilio concentrates on unusual accessories for his clothes, and allies Gemma with a wide gold belt and heavy golden chain. The Roman sandals and the gem-encrusted flatties worn with the suits are interesting.

CAPUCCI of Rome uses tangerine shantung for this afternoon frock. Clever treatment whittles down the waistline and carries through to the unusual cupola skirt with its huge decorative pockets.



CAPRI BUBBLES. White cotton shorts and shirt, at right, are patterned with big multi-colored bubbles, each printed with the designer's signature. Emilio of Capri. Emilio has a boutique at Capri and usually signs his playclothes as Emilio of Capri instead of Emilio of Florence.



**FIRST NIGHT.** Judy King and Mackenzie Munro in the foyer of the Tivoli Theatre. They were among the first-night audience at the Old Vic Company's presentation of "Measure for Measure." Judy wore a fur cape-stole over her short dress.



**WORLD PREMIERE.** Kay Robinson, of "Cummoock," Dubbo (left), and Sandra Bragg, of "Rossigole," Aberdeen (right), with Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, president of the committee which organised the premiere of "The Seven Little Foes," held at the Prince Edward Theatre in aid of the Spastic Centre. Star of the film, Bob Hope, made a personal appearance.



**WED IN MELBOURNE.** Bruce Matear and his bride, formerly Judy Spry, leave St. John's, Toorak, after their wedding with flowergirls Sandra Krohn (left) and Joanne Rose, who are Bruce's goddaughters. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Spry, of Toorak.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**WITH** their two children, John and Belinda, Major and Mrs. Austin Chapman, of Canberra, will leave on August 27 for Major Chapman's new posting . . . Wellington, near Delhi, in India.

They will be away twelve months, but Mrs. Chapman will see at least two members of her family during that time. Her mother, Mrs. J. D. K. Roche, of Edgecliff, tells me that she and Mr. Roche plan to visit their daughter and son-in-law early in 1956.

**SYDNEY** is a temporary home for Lieut. and Mrs. Ian McLellan, who were married in Canberra late last month. The couple put forward their wedding because Ian has been posted to Korea for a year, and while he is away Mrs. McLellan—formerly Jeanette Mair, of Canberra—will live here.

**WHEN** they return from a six weeks' touring honeymoon of Australia—taking in Sydney, Brisbane, Mt. Isa, Darwin, Adelaide, and Melbourne—Rob and Jeanette McGeoch will make their home at "Wanganui," Wagga.

**ROY JAMES** are the names chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Tony Chisholm for their son and heir. Tony is off home to "Napperby," Alice Springs, this week, but his wife (who is the former Judy Marsland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Marsland, of Vaucluse) and Roy will stay on in Sydney for another three or four weeks.

**A TOUR** of Sweden and Norway is on schedule for Mrs. Bob Stephen and her daughter Mary, who have made a flat in Wimpole Street, London, their headquarters. There'll be a family reunion when Mr. Stephen flies over to join his wife and daughter, leaving Sydney on July 16.

**THE** mecca for polocrosse enthusiasts on June 25 and 26 will be Glen Innes, for the Rangers Valley Club carnival. Seven New South Wales teams and three from Queensland are competing.



**WHEN** Mr. Frank Hutchens married Miss Joyce White, of Cremorne, Mr. Lindley Evans was best man and also organist at the ceremony at St. Peter's, Cremorne. Mr. Hutchens and Mr. Evans have been well-known as duo-pianists for thirty years.

**AT THE SHEEP SHOW.** Peter Foster (left), of "Byalla," Gunning, Sallie Shepherd, of "Shepherd's Lodge," Wheeo, and Sallie's brother, Colin Shepherd, examine one of the Dorset Horn rams at the Sheep Show, which was held at the Showground.



**ENGAGED.** Robin McFadyen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel McFadyen, of Bellevue Hill, and George Mackay, of "Mungyer," Merrywinebone, who are engaged.



**BALL IN LONDON.** Sydney lass June Anderson with Hamish Urquhart (left) and John Gubbins, both of Melbourne, at the Australian Ball, held at the Overseas League, in London. June arrived in England a few days before the ball.

**AFTER** three weeks' holiday with Nancy Curry, of "Kelvin Grove," Wee Waa, Helen Alexander arrived back home in Sydney this week . . . and she'll be kept busy in the next few months with preparations for her marriage with Ian Bell, of Balgowlah, on October 15. A reception at the Pickwick Club will follow the wedding at Shore Chapel. Helen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Alexander, of Manly.

**COUNTRY NOTES** . . . Betty MacDonald, of "Inverkip," Quirindi, and George Richardson, of "Rathcown," Willow Tree, are engaged . . . Ted and Marion Bernays, who were married at St. Paul's, Murrumbidgee, in April, are living at Cowra . . . David and Pat Fleming, of "Rusby," Aberdeen, have called their new daughter Katherine.



**LEAVING** St. Mark's, Darling Point, are Peter Playfair and his bride, formerly Anna George, daughter of Mrs. George, of Sofia, Bulgaria, and the late Mr. George.

*On top of everything . . .  
wear fashion-right, colourful*

# BeaverCORD

Fascinating *Beavercord*, with its broad soft rib, is a new winter fabric by the makers of the famous "Beaverlure." It hangs so gently yet hugs so warmly, and keeps its shape and beauty no matter how often it is tubbed. Be sure to see these *Beavercord* 'slipovers' that keep you so warmly smart wherever you go. No matter what you want to mix or match with, you'll find glorious pastels or brilliants in the superb colour range.



R316. Clever use of natural ribbing makes this graceful cardigan. It hangs straight from the shoulders, has raglan sleeves, with a collar that stands or falls as you wish.

This trade-mark appears on ALL Genuine BeaverCORD Garments



R324. Enjoy the true brave fisherman touch with this smart ribbed pullover with its high rolled collar and storm cuffs.

R314. Waist-hugging shaped bolero with a fine ribbed trim to contrast with the BeaverCORD fluting. For work or play.

R327. Your favourite bolero comes up in an entirely new make-up. See the raglan sleeves and fascinating fringed trim . . . sure to be welcome at the best parties.

R315. Here's a cardigan to sit firmly at the waist. Buttons till it flows into a becoming "V" neck. Ribbed cuffs for extra snugness.

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# OUR ITALIAN MANNEQUINS ARRIVE HERE



REHEARSALS have taken up most of our Italian mannequins' first week in Australia. From left to right, Terry wears Schubert's corse satin and crinoline straw evening dress, Lully wears Simonetta's grey organza, Marisa "Sun," a spectacular dress in yellow and orange by Veneziana, while Eletta wears Schubert's romantic gossamer-grey net dress.

• The perfect manners, warm charm, and vivacity of our Italian mannequins have captivated everyone who has met them since they arrived a week ago. Invitations for social engagements are pouring in.



LULLY IS AMAZED (above) to see a jar of pickles worth £50, which will be shown at the Italian exhibition. The pickles from Milan are packed with chopsticks into patterns.



A MODELS' DAY doesn't end when she leaves the catwalk. Lully and Eletta prepare for bed, with Eletta in a coral-pink poplin nightie, like Grandpa's nightshirt. Eletta wears it sometimes over her tapered slacks, or with a belt as a sports frock. Lully's coin-spotted pyjamas are Capri-pink. All pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

OUR Italian mannequins, Marisa, Lully, Terry, and Eletta, have received so many invitations since they arrived in Sydney that their official "duenna," Miss Heather Learmonth, has pigeonholed nearly all offers of hospitality until after the gala Australian premiere of the parades.

Miss Learmonth, who will travel round Australia with the girls as acting mother and social adviser, has rationed their first week's social engagements, but allowed time for sight-seeing during their strenuous parade preparations.

Fittings and rehearsals have occupied most of their time. After two days of fittings the first full-scale rehearsals were held last Saturday.

The Italian girls, with the five Australian models, were timed round the catwalk in David Jones' Great Restaurant in a parade as carefully planned as a full-scale stage show. More rehearsals were held on Sunday.

One of the first things the girls saw in Sydney was the spectacular Archibald Fountain. They tossed their coins in, in true Roman tradition, and wished.

Their wishes were varied. Marisa and Lully wished to come back to Australia again via Singapore, which fascinated them completely, Eletta

By NAN MUSGROVE

wants two weeks' vacation in Capri, and Terry, who recently became engaged, wished for an early marriage.

Lully, a student of philosophy who is anxious to visit Australian Universities, describes Eletta and herself as the spinsters of the party, but "we have boy-friends."

Eletta is fancy free, but is much sought after.

Asked if she had any boy-friends, she answered shortly and to the point—"Much."

Lully's "greatest friend of the heart," she hopes, is James Meldrum, an Australian. She met him four years ago for only three days and correspondence has kept their friendship alive since then.

He arrived back in Rome at midnight the night before Lully left by Qantas plane for Australia at 4 a.m.

They spent the four hours at the airport, talking.

"Romance?" she said. "It is really not possible in such a little time, but perhaps later on when I return to Italy and see him longer . . ."

Marisa, who has been engaged for three years and hopes to be married next year, was rather shy when talking about her romance.

"It is very personal," she said.

Her fiancé is Giovanni Marchi, who, she said, was "a man who dug holes in the

ground and climbed down to see what the stones were made of."

Lully, who speaks fluent English, came to her rescue to interpret her description as a geologist.

Terry's fiancé, Aldo Loretelli, an engineer, returned from a job in India just as Terry set out for her three months in Australia.

As soon as she arrived Terry put Aldo's picture by her bed. Beside it went a large portrait of her mother, "a little sad" because her daughter is so far away.

Her good-luck doll from Palermo, in bright national dress, completed the little corner of Italy in her room.

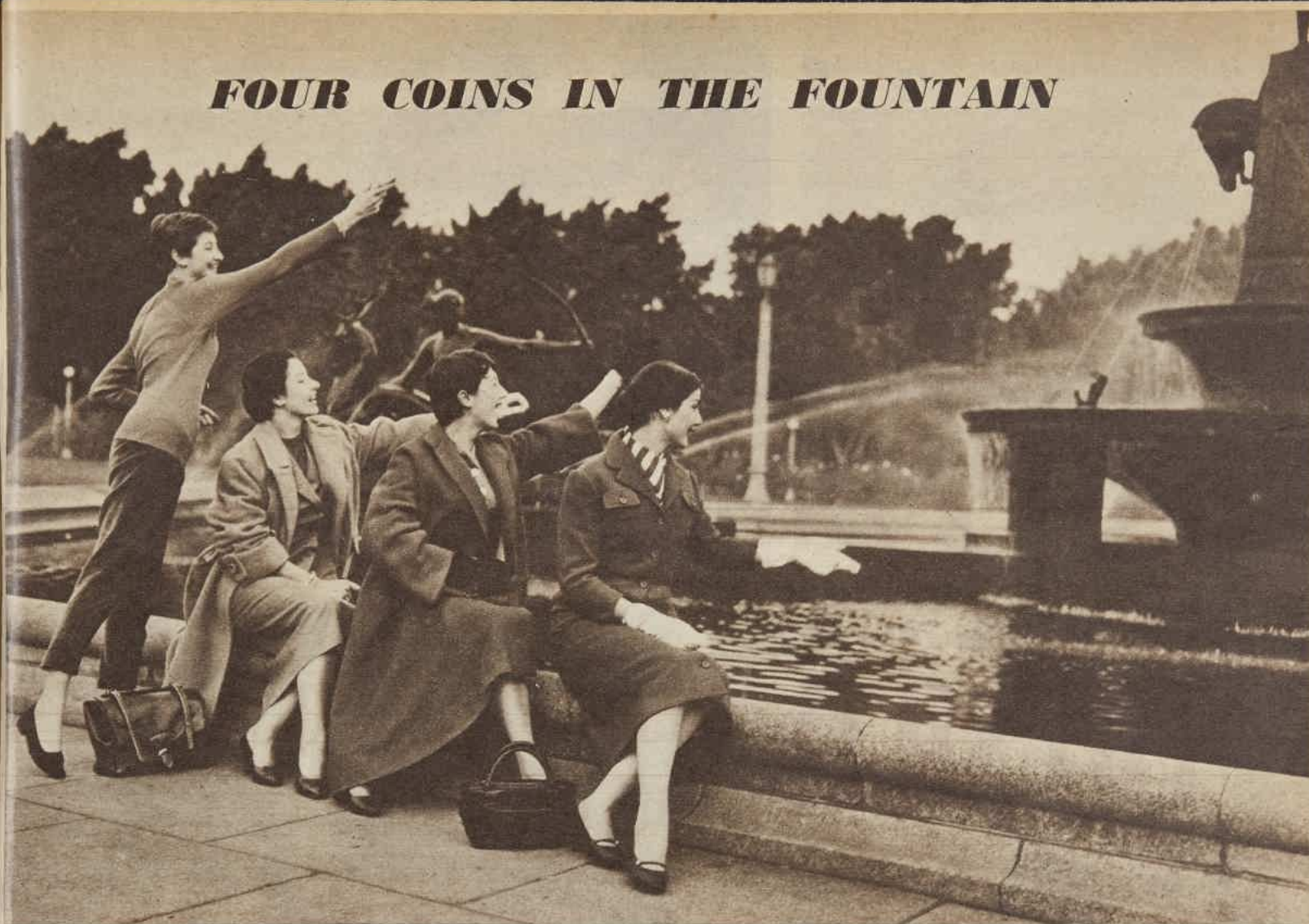
The first thing you notice about the girls is the beauty of their expressive brown eyes. They emphasise this with the winged curve of the new Italian make-up. They all use aquarelle eye-shadow and brown mascara tinged with blue.

Lully (pronounced Loolie) has tawny brown hair cut in the Marlon Brando style. She said laughingly that she and her young brother both have their hair cut the same way.

Terry has light brown hair, which is also cut very short.

Both Eletta and Marisa have long black hair. Eletta wears her hair pulled straight back in the classical manner and worn in a chignon. Marisa has shoulder-length hair.

## FOUR COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN



which she, too, generally wears in a chignon.

For some of the dresses she shows in the parade she wears her hair hanging softly to the shoulder on one side with the other side swept severely back and swirled across the head to knot under one ear.

None of the girls has her hair permanently waved and are surprised by the preponderance of curly hair that they have seen in Australia.

They are too well-mannered to say that they do not approve of "permed" hair, and it is noticeable that they avoid the subject. Ask them what they think of Australian women and they say, "They have very pretty faces." "They are so kind," and avoid all reference to the coiffure.

Lully's big secret is that she wears bright, harlequin glasses—especially for reading. Her short-sightedness without them makes her crinkle her eyelids in a fascinating manner.

It is interesting to watch the girls dressing for rehearsals. They sometimes use the dramatic Italian jewellery to decorate their hair, to the surprise of their dressers.

Eletta twisted a dogcollar of silver and diamante round her chignon, and Terry wore a necklace of pear-drop rhinestones like a tiny crown on her head instead of round her neck.

Lully will probably start a new fashion with her gloves. She insisted on wearing one pink and one blue suede glove with a grey organza evening dress. "It is more amusing," she said, "and so pretty, too."

### PARADE DATES

Daily showings of our Italian Fashion Parades begin on Wednesday, June 15. Bookings have been very heavy, but some seats are still available for the shows after June 20.

From Wednesday, June 15, to June 28 parades will be given each day at 3.15 and 5.45 p.m. Tickets for these parades cost 10/- each. This charge includes afternoon tea for the 3.15 session and coffee and sandwiches at the evening show.

Bookings may be made at the special Booking Bureau at David Jones' Elizabeth Street store.

Sydney's harbor drew an immediate response from the girls, who first saw it from the park near the southern pylon of the Bridge.

Eletta jumped out of the car on their first sight-seeing trip and ran across the grass to the harbor wall, calling out "Visto come e bello," and a chorus of "bello, bello" came from the others.

Lully, who interpreted for the others, called out hastily, "Look how beautiful he is—the harbor."

All round the harbor shores there was a chorus of "bello, bello," and as they drove up Martin Place, Lully remarked solemnly, "grand."

Lully is anxious to visit La Prouse to see the aborigines throw boomerangs.

She bought a boomerang in a sports store in Bologna and, with her 15-year-old brother, practised with it till they could throw it correctly.

"I am to learn to control it better while I am here," she said, "because my brother and I both suffered blemishes, as it hit us on the head sometime and other times on the hands."

She is going to take back some genuine Australian boomerangs in preference to her brother's expressed wish for a kangaroo.

"I saw three of them in Darwin," she said, "and in my father's house, which is full of antiques, I don't think a kangaroo would be suitable."

At the request of Radio Televisione Italiana, Lully is keeping a documented diary of her Australian tour as a possible TV and radio show to be given by her in a series of episodes.

She was delighted to learn that the Italian Government had appointed a newsreel cameraman to provide them with a day-to-day cover of

the whole of the Australian tour of our Italian Fashion Parades.

Marisa's eyes popped when she saw her first platter of Australian fruit, and the first word she learned, which seemed to intrigue her, was "pawpaw."

Lully and Eletta both like cooking, but Lully prefers English food. "No spaghetti," she said. Eletta specialises in soups and sweets and makes another break with tradition by turning up her nose when minestrone is mentioned.

Marisa, who looks more like a sultry Latin femme fatale than any of the others and speaks only a word or two of English, has a highly developed sense of fun.

In a two-minute burlesque of a mannequin with an important client she revealed a flair for witty miming.

She was surprised to see Sydney women in fur coats and heavy suits and amazed to hear that June was one of the coldest winter months.

"Your June weather is like late spring in Italy," she said.

All the girls are successful career women. They have all modelled for famous Continental designers throughout Italy and Europe, and Terry represented Italy at the Miss Universe competition at Long Beach last year.

Their simplicity, however, is most marked—the exacting nature of their careers has taken none of the bloom from these young cosmopolitans, who are eagerly looking forward to their Australian adventure.

FOUR COINS IN A FOUNTAIN. Our Italian mannequins wish in Roman style at Sydney's Archibald Fountain. From left: Lully, 23, Marisa, 24, Terry, 19, and Eletta, 21.



ELETTA AND TERRY snatch five minutes from rehearsals to try on hats. The girls, who have often worked together in Italy, are quite candid with each other about what suits them. Here, Terry approves of Eletta's choice of a hat.



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even in hot  
sudsy water



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Let Trushay's beauty care keep your hands soft, smooth, youthful. Let Trushay keep your busy hands *romantic* hands.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 15, 1955

# "WELCOME TO PARIS" OSMAN SPREADS



● "Ask the girl in Mediterranean-blue" has become a popular slogan for tourists in Paris. These girls, trim in bright blue suits and berets, are the official hostesses of the "city of lights and love."



ABOVE. One of the experienced hostesses helps a new recruit adjust her beret before going on duty at one of the international railway stations in Paris. RIGHT. A hostess greets some tourists on the platform.

## Trim girls are official guides for tourists

By MARCELLE POIRIER, in Paris

Twenty in all, Paris hostesses are posted in each of the big international termini to welcome visitors and to be on hand to solve their travel problems.

THE girls find that tourists have many—and often curious—problems.

Those from Britain mostly have budget troubles. The Briton abroad today is one of the world's workers with a limited amount of hardly acquired savings.

When a holiday-maker wants to know where to stay and it's amazing how many turn up without a reservation, the hostess immediately asks him what he wants to spend per night on hotel accommodation and then supplies him with a list of hotels in that category.

Where to eat at reasonable prices is a regular problem. Women want advice on shopping—though husbands are rarely enthusiastic about this. Hostesses get more difficult problems than these practical ones.

Recently an Englishman, an enthusiastic collector of cheese-box labels, wanted to meet a French collector with whom to discuss his hobby.

"Easy!" said the hostess to whom he made his request, and introduced him to a painter who is an expert on the subject.

The organist of a church in Vienna was longing to meet the organist of Notre Dame Cathedral. He asked diffidently if it might be possible. Thanks to the hostess, it was.

Sometimes tourists with a sense of humor try to trip the hostesses.

An American engineer asked where he could buy detached parts of model aeroplanes and find a river of iced soda water.

Mademoiselle Anne-Marie Chasle, one of the Air Terminal team at Les Invalides, was consulted by an old lady the other day.

"I'm 80 years old," she said. "I've flown over from England on a day trip. I want to see Paris before I die and I have £8 to spend. How can I make the most of my day?"

Mademoiselle Chasle mapped

out an itinerary and supplied her with a series of numbered pieces of paper which she could present to taxi-drivers and waiters.

The old lady returned with only a few minutes to spare before the bus left for the airport. Her smile stretched from ear to ear.

"I'm whacked," she said. "But it was a grand day."

Entry into the select and tiny corps of Paris hostesses is difficult.

The candidates must be between 20 and 25 years of age. They must be well educated and know English and at least

one other language in addition to French.

As well as being experts in the geography and history of Paris, they must also be easy on the eye, calm, and enterprising.

Being a Paris hostess is not a career, so the girls are never kept on after they are 30, in order that they will not be too old to start another job.

So far, however, no hostess has been retired at the age limit. They have all left to be married. And—in the five years since the corps was formed—not a single one has married a tourist.

To be able to reply to any question at any time is a tall order, and the girls are often asked, "How do you do it?"

"We are not expected to know every answer by heart," one of them told me, "but we have to know where to look for the answer."

"We know all the organisations which can help us, and we have a good library of reference books."

New recruits are not given any special training. They are simply set to work with an old hand, who initiates them, for only practical experience counts in this work.

The service so far has had little experience of Australian tourists.

"You see, they either land at Marseilles and arrive in Paris at a national terminal where we do not work, or they arrive at an airport where the air company hostesses greet them," I was told. "But if any Australians are planning a visit to Paris we'd love to help them."

make *Lovely* bedrooms



Chalford from the Cotswold range of OSMAN Spreads—all at reasonable prices.

Recipe for a brand new look for your bedroom—one new OSMAN spread per bed. Ingredients: modern or traditional designs; deep, delicate or varied colours, to suit individual taste. Prices: to suit individual purses. Result: a lovely new possession, infinitely washable, transforming your bedroom and making it look its very best. Ask to see the new OSMAN designs and colours.

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Joan Bilceaux of Melbourne-town looks more glamorous than ever in her comfortably-cute Tyrrella "Blouse of the Month". You can buy Tyrrella blouses at leading stores throughout Australia, and they're in the smartest new fashion tones and soft pastels. Tyrrella washes wonderfully and is guaranteed crease-resistant. You'll love Tyrrella!

**Tyrrella** SOFT-TEXTURED RAYON FABRIC BY THE MAKERS OF SUNDEK

Wholesale Distributors: G. F. Tyrrell Pty. Ltd., Sydney and Melbourne.



A VISITOR TO PARIS, recommended by a Paris hostess, gets the answers to his questions about French police procedure from women at police headquarters.



Look at your skin...  
others do!

## Rexona Soap helps skin blemishes disappear

No one need put up with blotches and skin faults. You can clear up blemishes by deep-cleansing your skin with Rexona Soap (clogged pores are so often the trouble-makers!) Rexona Soap is specially medicated with Cadyl\* to restore skin to natural loveliness. Protect baby's precious skin, too. Give the whole family the gentle, safe, medicated care of pure, mild Rexona Soap.

\* Cadyl is a fragrant blend of five rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona Soap. Rexona's silky-fine lather carries Cadyl deep into the pores where most blemishes start.

Specially medicated  
for skin care

GUARDS YOUR NATURAL LOVELINESS ALL OVER!



## THE FEMALE CITY

By  
Paul I. Wellman

THEODORA, glamorous, ambitious, slum-born courtesan, reached her goal when Justinian married her and made her Empress of the Western World. Sixth century Constantinople, garish, luxurious and squalid, is the setting for this remarkable woman's notorious history.

Price 18/9  
From all Booksellers



Make Baby's Hair  
CROW CURLY  
4 Weeks Treatment  
3/6 EVERYWHERE  
**Curlypet**

### FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Four thousand for a house is robbery. Why, I can throw one up by myself in a couple of months."

### MOTHER



"Jimmy, finish winding the wool first before you go to the fire!"

# It seems to me

ONE of the most delightful things about Shakespearean plots is the way in which disguises enable characters to cause all sorts of confusion.

The three plays for the Old Vic season, now well under way in Sydney, all have splendid examples.

There are Portia and Nerissa, unrecognised by their husbands in "The Merchant of Venice."

There are several characters in "Taming of the Shrew" swapping clothes and deceiving everybody but the audience, and there is the Duke in "Measure for Measure" who runs round in the habit of a friar, eavesdropping on everyone with his face plain to see, and astonishing all no end when he throws his hood back.

Characters have only to put a hat on and nobody knows them. Modern playwrights must gnash their teeth to think they can't get away with a device like this.

In "Measure for Measure," of course, there is a good deal more that they couldn't get away with. Adults who see it for the first time realise why it wasn't chosen for study at school.

★ ★ ★

FROM July 1 the Universal Postal Union has ruled that all envelopes sent anywhere in the world must be more than four inches by two and three-quarter inches in size.

If you measure that on an ordinary envelope (which is five and three-quarters by three and a half), you'll see that the Post Office has been very forbearing all these years.

In fact, if many of the small ones have been used, there must be a high incidence of neuroses among mail-sorters.

★ ★ ★

AMONG the new THINGS in house decoration is a "scribble wall" for the children.

The Italian house we featured a couple of weeks ago had one, in the form of a large piece of blackboard. Theoretically the children work off their scribbling passions on this, and leave the rest of the walls alone.

Many mothers and fathers will be cynical about this. They believe that it is best to advise altogether against wall scribbling, while using washable paint as a precaution.

However, I can see some virtue in a scribble wall for a flat-living adult whose bed serves as a daytime divan.

I have been looking at the wall near my bed. It needs repainting.

To keep abreast of the contemporary trend, it might be covered with a large piece of blackboard. The personal touch could be added with an alarm clock suspended from a string.

On it I could write suitable things to catch the eye that opens when the alarm goes off. Perhaps, "Get up! Urgent! Nine a.m. appointment."

Or simply, "Fire!"

By



Dorothy Drann

THE case of a woman in England who was fined for refusing to send her children to school is bound to interest parents.

The children are aged nine, eight, seven, and six, and their mother prefers to teach them at home until they are ten.

She says that clear speech, good manners, and personal cleanliness, are more important than reading, writing, and arithmetic, and that she wants them to grow up as individuals, not as part of a mass.

She must be an energetic woman, in that she prefers to cope with four children at an age when she could dispose of them for six or seven hours a day.

Whether the children will thank her when they get thrown into the world at ten is another matter.

People are part of a mass, as well as individuals, all their lives. They have to learn to be both.

Of course, if the mother has really taught the children to be good mannered to their own brothers and sisters, she has achieved something.

It is so much easier for people to be polite to strangers than to their relations.

★ ★ ★

THE current cold blasts of winter have rather shaken my endeavor to like the season, though I had a letter from a reader who makes a practice of listing all its pleasanter aspects, such as wood fires.

I've thought of another one—pockets. If you're out of cigarettes, matches, or shillings for the gas meter, it's wonderful how often you're saved in winter by rating through the pockets of coats, suits, and raincoat.

★ ★ ★

A LETTER writer to a daily paper, questioning some reported facts on diesel train fuel consumption, ended his letter thus: "I am not criticising the introduction of this new diesel train, but I want to correct one more example of the ever increasing tendency to judge steam unfairly."

Don't be unfair to the steam train  
Though giving the diesel its due,  
Remember the glow as the fire burned bright  
And the sparks flying upward into the night  
And the telegraph poles, how they flew.

Never disparage the steam train,  
For great are the days it has seen,  
When the lights of the carriages rattling past  
Were a link with a world that was rich and vast  
Though the bush lay empty between.

There's plenty of life in the steam train,  
They're still chuffing hither and yon,  
The diesel and jet may threaten their reign,  
But little boys love them and some will remain  
To speak of them kindly when gone.

## HIGH FASHION ACCESSORY



The accessory: Ropes of white and coloured beads so handy for day and evening wear. They're proving very popular with fashion-conscious women.

The idea: Straight from Paris.

The model: Margaret Hibble, of Sydney—and very much in demand for fashion work. Voted "Model of the Year" by Australia's leading artists, Margaret says: "True beauty is largely a matter of intelligent care and grooming. Take one's hair, for instance. We models know that washing it with soap would never do! Hair should always look and feel shining clean. That means a weekly shampoo with 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo."

### Shining clean

Have your hair cleaner, fresher than you've ever known before. Shampoo with "Vaseline" Brand Liquid Shampoo. In 2 oz. and 4 oz. sizes and the handy SNIP-PAK at chemists and stores.

"Vaseline" is the registered Trade Mark of the Unilever Group, Ltd., London.

### Don't be HALF-SAFE!



New super-smooth cream deodorant

## SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 TO 3 DAYS

Indoors or out, there's always the danger of offending—unless you stop perspiration before unpleasant odor can form!

Smoother, creamier Arrid:

INSTANTLY STOPS PERSPIRATION and keeps armpits dry safely—as proved by leading doctors. REMOVES ODOR from perspiration on contact. Antiseptic action.

Won't ROT CLOTHES.

New creamy-soft Arrid does not irritate skin, even after shaving.

Arrid has a wonderful new ingredient: Persap—your guarantee that new Arrid is softer, smoother than ever. Buy the new super-smooth Arrid today!



Now with Persap for Super Creaminess

# For Teenagers

## At-home clothes

**T**HERE'S a new world of fashion in at-home clothes and sleep wear. Its atmosphere is the modern version of Grandpa's nightshirt.

Much has happened to that long-tailed shirt. It's now waltz-length or shorter, and often doubles as a dressing-gown.

Don't imagine it looks at all masculine, either. It has a tailored line, but it's made in very feminine materials.

Try it in a white or pastel ground with sprigs of roses rambling over it. Stripes, checks, and spots are in the picture, too.

You'll go for the new sleep-wear. It has dreamboat qualities.

—Candy Hardy

**ARE YOU** the conservative type? If you are you won't wear the nightshirt; the sleepwear separates at right are for you. Coral-pink with coral-white polka dots is the theme. Playsuit sleepers feature a bare midriff; the long-skirted nightie (centre) is made as a separate skirt and worn with the bare top. The demure pyjama suit, in the same flattering pink, has a tiny collar and repeats the pretty pocket.



**ARE YOU** the first-with - the - latest? The nightshirt idea (left) is for you. Here you see it waltz-length in stripes, with long sleeves and short pants; in a ring-of-roses pattern; in a sailor-collared style with front tie and buttoned placket front; and as a dressing-gown.

**ARE YOU** the fashion-magazine type? Then the at-home clothes (right) are for you. Precise checks with a white dicky in the high-thigh length make a shirt for over shorts or slacks; the striped jumper teams with pants buttoned snug to the ankle; the matador pants match a fitted top; the harlequin slacks have a shirt with a dicky and bow tie.



Fresh  
as the  
morning...  
all day—all over!



## Gemey TALCUM now with POSITIVE-ACTION DEODORANT

No change in the well-loved  
Gemey fragrance!

No change in the exciting after-  
bath Gemey freshness!

But now a new ingredient has  
been added which neutralises the  
source of perspiration odours  
simply by preventing the growth  
of odour-producing bacteria  
which perspiration encourages.

Odourless in itself, the new  
addition to the Gemey Talcum  
formula helps maintain, even  
longer than before, the fresh  
fragrance of the powder. Use Gemey Talcum  
always after your bath—smooth it over your  
skin from head to toe.

Ensure for yourself and your clothes a day-long  
freshness and fragrance.



Ask for the NEW

## Gemey TALCUM

with POSITIVE-ACTION DEODORANT

Creation of *Richard Hudnut*

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Serve guests  
**HOT CHOCOLATE**  
so easy to make

Serve something different for supper when friends call in!  
Give them delicious Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate—it's  
made in an instant. Simply stir two teaspoonfuls of Cadbury's  
Drinking Chocolate into each cup of hot milk (or milk and  
water). There's no sugar needed, for  
Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate is already  
sweetened. Try it—and see what a  
success it will be.



**CADBURY'S  
DRINKING CHOCOLATE**  
MADE IN AN INSTANT

## Teenage section

# THE NEW EYE GLAMOR

Every girl is thinking of adopting  
the new eye make-up, but only one in  
a thousand can wield an eyebrow pencil.  
This explains how to use one correctly.

**L**EARNING to outline  
the eyes is the most  
difficult of all eye make-up  
tricks.

The eyebrow pencil strokes  
must be sharp and sure—none  
of the dusky pencil shadow-  
ing popular in the past. There-  
fore, the eyebrow pencil has  
to be sharpened into a long  
wedge shape. A razor-blade  
will do this job well.

Now, draw a line about a  
sixteenth of an inch wide on  
the upper eyelid along the very  
base of the upper eyelashes.

Begin by applying a thinner  
pencil line along the inner  
ridge of the eyelid, from the  
inner corner of the eyes to  
where the first eyelashes be-  
gin.

Then, extend this line up on  
to the eyelid, along the roots  
of the eyelashes, and continue  
beyond the outer corners of  
the eyes.

So that this line will be  
sharp and clean-cut, partly  
close the eye and, with the  
fingertips, pull the outer  
corner of the eyelid taut so  
there will be a smooth sur-  
face on which to apply the  
eyebrow pencil line.

If the pencil seems dry and  
will not apply easily, moisten  
the point with a thin film of  
cleansing cream.

Too much moisture will  
cause the color to run, so be  
sure to apply only a small  
amount with the fingertips.

When you have completed  
the upper eyelash line, apply  
the smallest amount along the  
lower eyelashes and blend  
with the fingertips, if blending  
is necessary to attain a natural  
appearance.

Eye make-up should be ap-  
plied in this sequence:

1. Smooth on eyeshadow.
2. Outline your eyes with  
eyebrow pencil, the upper  
eyelashes first, the lower ones  
last.
3. Apply eyebrow pencil to  
your eyebrows.
4. Apply eyelash make-up.

The application of eye-  
shadow is comparatively easy.  
However, apply it more  
colorfully along the base of  
your upper eyelashes. If it is  
of the same intensity over the  
entire eyelid, the effectiveness  
is lost.

Eyebrow pencil should be  
applied in natural, short hair-  
line strokes, not in big sweeps.

For the eyelashes, dampen  
the brush just enough to mix  
a paste. Lay the brush under  
the upper lashes and zig-zag  
up through them. Then put it  
on the top of the lashes and



ACTRESS Jean Moorhead shows how to use eyebrow pencil.  
Note: Fine point; eyelid pulled taut; line starting from  
inner corner and drawn across roots of lashes.

repeat the process downwards.  
This "encircles" each lash.

Apply similarly to the lower  
lashes.

Before the lashes are quite  
dry, brush them apart with a  
dry eyelash brush. Be sure it  
is clean and dry. Wash it after  
each use.

## Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

Shy people are not the only ones who are unsure of them-  
selves. When anyone starts showing-off you can be sure that  
he does so because he lacks self-confidence.

**A** SHOW-OFF of this  
sort is talkative and  
inclined to be boastful.

He works hard to get atten-  
tion to prove to himself that  
he's worth admiring.

Here's a letter from a girl  
on the subject. I take off my  
hat to her because she has  
found out what she does  
wrong and why she does it.  
Some people get to the age of  
40 without discovering things  
like this about themselves:

"I AM a highly strung girl  
of 18 and have formed  
the bad habit of showing-off.  
I do this every time I go out,  
and especially if there is any-  
one new around—probably to  
make others notice me and to  
cover self-consciousness. As  
I have to spend a lot of time  
on my own, I get very excited  
when I get with a crowd of  
young people and don't  
usually even think of trying to  
control my showing-off. If I  
do happen to think of it, I  
just don't care, but later re-  
gret having acted in an un-  
ladylike manner. I have man-  
aged to make myself un-  
popular with this behaviour.  
Could you please tell me how  
to control myself and regain  
my popularity?"

Unhappy Teena, Tasmania.

No one can tell you how to  
control yourself. That's some-  
thing you have to do.

However, it seems that  
spending a lot of time on  
your own is at the bottom of  
your troubles. Apparently  
you get hungry for compan-  
ionship and appreciation, so  
when you get a dish of it you  
gobble away regardless.

It usually works like this:  
When you're alone you start  
thinking about yourself. So  
you get over-critical of your-  
self and you begin to think  
that, since you don't like your-  
self much, no one else does,  
either.

So, if it's possible, spend

more time with groups of  
people.

If this is not possible, get  
busy working on something—  
at a hobby or some form of  
study that will take the pres-  
sure of your self-analysis.

In other words, when you're  
alone, give yourself a rest.  
Don't be any harder on your-  
self than you are on someone  
else.

"I AM leaving school this  
year and am very in-  
terested in taking up dramatic  
art. I know of the Independ-  
ent Theatre in North Sydney.  
Could you inform me of the  
fees and if I must attend



"May I borrow the phone for the evening?"

## Incidentally...

**CRAZY** college boys in  
America are lacing  
their shoes upside down.  
They start the laces at  
the top and tie the  
bows at the bottom.

**DIFFERENT** way to  
set hair. Instead of pins  
and little snail curls,  
they're using rolls for  
those deep, lazy waves  
framing the face. Make  
your own rolls from cot-  
ton wool about 2in.  
long and as thick as  
your index finger. Set  
the back of the hair as  
usual, but coil the short  
pieces near your fore-  
head smoothly over the  
rolls and fix in place  
with little hairpins.

**NEAT.** A boy with a  
big line is a Propaganda  
Man.

**EASY** petticoat stif-  
fener: One cup sugar to  
2 quarts water.

classes during the day, please?"

Jeanne P. Matraville,  
N.S.W.

You should get in touch  
with the Independent your-  
self. Ring the theatre  
(XB2718, to save you looking  
up the number), ask for the  
secretary, and you'll get all  
the answers to your questions.

"COULD you please tell me  
the address of Warner  
Bros. studios, as I wish to  
write away for Humphrey  
Bogart's photo? Will a 34d.  
stamp do or not?"

Film Fan, N.S.W.

A request to Humphrey  
Bogart, Warner Bros. First  
National Pictures Pty. Ltd.,  
Burbank, California, U.S.A.,  
should produce a photo. Just  
stamp your own letter; don't  
enclose a 34d. stamp.

Film Fan, Victoria. Write  
to Marlon Brando, c/o  
Twentieth Century - Fox  
Studios, Hollywood.



## Discourage those Blackheads!

Don't let small blackheads de-laminate your skin! Now—use this special greaseless treatment clearing away those blackheads. It's recommended by leading skin specialists. It's quick and it's effective.

Every night and morning, after you wash your face—gently rub away cool Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face. Then—give on a deep coat of the cream for one minute. The "keratolytic" action of this greaseless cream dissolves off oily dead skin flakes that clog pores and encourage blackheads. Wipe cream off, and use face with cold water. See your skin look fresher, brighter, clearer—right away!

PV59

## First Favourite with housewives



for 60 years—  
genuine

# PHILIPS



PL13-54



## 15 hairsets for 3/6

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET  
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlypet for 3/6 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET  
CN.5



# CANDY HARDY FROCK SERVICE

• Chic wool shirt-frock designed for mid-season buying, exclusive to us, and modestly priced in four fashion colors.

THE dress—we named it Charmaine—is obtainable ready to wear as illustrated (left), and can also be purchased cut out ready to sew.

The design is perfect for any daytime occasion; its provocative curves boast the perfection of proportioned fit.

The material is snowflake woollen frocking; the color choice includes char-

coal, deep blue, wine, and dark green. The colors listed are all snow-flaked in pure white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £5/19/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, £6/3/6. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 85/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 87/3. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

## Teenage writers

THE panel below answers queries about teenage short stories.

These writers are specially commended for stories submitted:

F.S., Brighton, Vic.: Some amusing work and good writing. On the whole too slight.

L.L., Northmead, N.S.W.: Shows some good imagination and sense of drama. Too long and not well enough sustained.

N.W.: Well written, but too morbid for us.

Y.H., Corrimall, N.S.W.: Some pleasing work and bright writing. Too long, and general treatment rather below standard.

R.T., North Terrace, S.A.: Good and unusual style. Theme not quite strong enough.

J.M., Toorak, Vic.: Promising. Some bright writing. General treatment too immature.

TEENAGERS are invited to submit short stories for publication in our monthly teenage issues.

Stories should be about 1500 words long. Each one must bear the author's name, address, and age, must be typed or written on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope big enough to hold the manuscript in case of return.

The story must also have a statement written and endorsed by parent, guardian, or teacher that the story is the teenager's own original, unaided work and is not adapted from or based on any story read.

Brief comment will be given in the teenage issues on any stories that merit it. Otherwise, criticism cannot be given.

Stories are judged at full adult publication standard.

## TO MAKE A RECORD LIBRARY

Sooner or later every collector has to start classifying his records. Here are some pointers for those who want to start an efficient, not fancy, system to locate any disc without fuss.

MY advice is to start your catalogue as early as you can. It is then a simple matter to add each new disc.

The title and composer take precedence in my lists. I can soon find out the name of the conductor and orchestra once I've located the disc.

You will discover that your own tastes shape the style of your book. If, for instance, you're fond of the piano, Schnabel, Serkin, and Solomon will appear on your "S" page; similarly with other instrumentalists, singers, or pop vocalists. What they play or sing will be of minor importance.

It is wise to decide which aspect of your collection is the most important to you—

the actual music, the composer, the performer, or the conductor—and use that as your basis. Ideally, one should cross-index every record under the above divisions, but this is an enormous task.

Some people give each record a number, but this is unnecessary since each disc carries its own number on the label. Each manufacturer adds various prefixes, such as EA, DO, 33CX, but these you can omit as you make an entry in your book.

I would suggest that you use a loose-leaf book with an alphabetical index.

Classifying LP bags is a simple matter. Each number appears on the envelope, and after you have jotted down de-

tails and the number in your book all you have to do is place the record in its correct numerical position on your shelf. Ten and twelve-inch platters are best stored separately.

For standard records use stiff white envelopes. They are only a few pence each and afford good protection. Transfer the number and title from the label to the top outer corner of the envelope, make your book entry, and stow it away.

When titles begin with the word "A," "The," or foreign words like "Le," "Un," or "El," omit them and make the entry under the initial of the next word.

Scoring in alphabetical

order under a composer's or performer's name is another method which is fairly satisfactory.

When a type of music dominates your collection, make a separate list in your book. Examples would be a page for symphonies or one for hot jazz or all your French records.

Put a mark—say a star or a cross—before long-playing records. Differentiate between 10in. and 12in. records by adding a "T" to denote twelve Records which play at 45 r.p.m. are seven inches in diameter and you can catalogue these by putting "7" in brackets after the number. You could use different colored inks for the three record speeds.

Most popular LPs containing several titles have a general name on the envelope—"Music for Dreaming," "Perry Como Sings," "Hot Versus Cool," etc.—and these are normally quite sufficient.

## Kerry Hill's Column



Beauty,  
Health,  
Charm

KNOW-HOW

FOR

## Teenagers

When is it time to start a Glory Box? Any time, really, so long as the idea doesn't become an obsession long before you've met Your Steady. If you do like to stow away presents and treasures for the future . . . keep it a secret. Mention your little hoard to just casual dates, and those young men will make for the High Country . . . but fast!

Meet Miss Teenager of New Zealand! 18 year old Kay Smith, now in Australia, is talented as well as good-looking. She acts, sings and dances . . . and logically combines all three in the bright musical "Paint Your Wagon". "I love the theatre, but it's hard work," says Kay. "That's why I watch my health and diet. Fresh, wholesome food at every meal . . . with Vegemite every day as a *muss*. I specially like Vegemite on hot buttered toast."



Nail Nibblers' Department. Vanity usually shames addicts out of the habit in their mid teens. Restoring those long-gnawed finger-tips shouldn't take long if you follow these rules. Dabble finger-tips for 5 minutes daily in warmed olive oil, very gently press back the cuticle and massage each finger firmly upwards to the tip.

Massage hands with skin-food or oil at bedtime. Don't attempt real manicuring until the nails have grown, then only reshape lightly with an emery-board—don't hack or prod with files.

What do you know about Vitamins? They're the magic life-source substances we



all need every day for health, energy and good looks. They're in all growing things, that's why your daily diet should include plenty of fruit, salads, vegetables. And it's a good plan to help yourself often to the delicious Vitamin B supply in that famous "Vegemite" jar. "Vegemite" is the pure yeast extract that's so delicious on toast, bread or savoury biscuits. Remember—Vegemite provides you with Vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> and Niacin . . . and those are three Vitamins your body can't store up. You just must have them every day if you want to look and feel your very best!



So - for the best "Know-How" of all - it's VEGEMITE EVERY DAY!

because of its zesty flavour, its high nutrition-value—and those three energizing, beautifying Vitamins—B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> and Niacin.

Goodbye now . . .

Kerry Hill

KV518

# A ROOM OF YOUR OWN

*Take one room; add a little money, a lot of patience, much enthusiasm and elbow-grease, and a dash of taste, and the room opposite will be yours.*



**PAINING.** Modern wall paints are just about fool-proof, and a roller, bought, hired, or borrowed, covers a big area quickly and evenly. With some paints, you can stop work in the middle of a brush stroke and take up again an hour later without streaking.



**WALLPAPERING.** Cutting and trimming are quite half the work of papering a room, and these days you can buy paper trimmed and cut to your wall measurements. A good idea is to paper only part of a room—as here, the wall and ceiling—to contrast with the other walls.



**CHAIR.** This is ready-cut, packaged furniture that can be bought at many retail stores. As it says in the advertisements, anyone can put it together with glue and screws. This particular chair is latticed with webbing fixed with tacks.



**STOOL.** Like the chair, this can be bought ready-cut, or it can be a small second-hand table made into a stool by the addition of a foam-rubber seat. In the room on the opposite page the seat is covered in green-and-white linen to match the roller blind.



**CUSHIONS.** New, smart, and simplest of all to make are felt covers for old cushions. If you can't sew, stick to square or oblong cushions. Cut out two pieces of fine felt and stitch them with big saddle stitches in heavy crochet cotton.

**R**ENE, our fashion artist, well known for her home decorating, designed this room for a teenage girl. Boys should give it different colors and a straight-hanging window curtain.

A few years back such a room would have been beyond an amateur's ability. It would certainly have been past a teenager's pocket.

Nowadays the necessary ability and the cost have been halved by corner-cutting ideas.

These ideas include paints you can leave in the middle of a brush-stroke and take up again a half-hour later without showing a streak; a paint roller that covers a wall in next to no time; wallpaper cut to required wall height; ready-cut, packaged furniture that can be assembled by anyone able to use glue and screws; cheap, attractive, easy-to-clean floor and table coverings; unfinished furniture that can be painted, stained, or polished at home.

The most expensive item in the room opposite is the unit furniture that can be bought in separate pieces, painted to your own color scheme, and mix-matched.

If your pocket can't stretch to it, don't despair of your existing pieces. Instead, give them a face-lift.

The bedcover is fine felt, saddle-stitched with heavy crochet cotton or three or four strands of wool to make big, thick stitches that show up against the color of the felt. The cushions match.

The table is a former kitchen table—firm and solid, not easily upset—with the legs cut down, painted, and edged with a black enamel line. The desk chair is also a kitchen-type chair, black enamelled.

The curtain is sheeting—just a simple, straight piece of material pulled back on one side. It has a heavy border of deep pink cotton saddle-stitched on at the bottom.

The little swag on the right-hand side of the curtain is optional. Those who can sew will be able to do it easily.

The stool and webbed chair are from the ready-cut, packaged furniture department.

The bulletin board is not only a cute idea for wall decoration; it can hold reminders as well as

pin-ups, souvenirs, and invitations. A child's black-board, with baize tacked over it, serves the purpose.

Beg or borrow a vase or decorative bottle to make a table lamp. Shops do this for you—or you might do it yourself with the help of a clever friend.

Top the lamp with a plain-colored buckram shade trimmed with bobble fringe.

The circular mat is a piece of floor felt edged with white carpet fringe. Mum might donate a second-hand piece of felt. If she has only an old piece of carpet, scrub it with carpet soap and give it a new lease of life with carpet dye.

The hanging bookshelves are simply three boards threaded through parallel holes in the wood at the ends by rope knotted (securely) at the bottom. They are suspended by the rope from wall hooks.

To start on the room, paint the walls first. The window-frame comes later.

Before you begin painting, make sure the walls are clean. This is essential. Unless you clean the surface thoroughly, the painting will be a mess.

Before you buy the paint—many sorts are available, easy to use with a splendid finish—find out what you will be painting over. This is important. If you put one sort of paint on another type it might flake and peel off.

If you are painting over wallpaper (this is quite successful when the paper is in good condition and is not coming loose from the wall in any place), brush it well, particularly round the picture-rail and skirting-boards.

If you are painting a wall which has been painted before with water paint (kalsomine, for instance), then it must be scrubbed down with a scrubbing-brush, much water, and much elbow-grease.

Rene urges a pre-decorating visit to the local dealer or to the sympathetic salesman in the store. Ask his advice. Ask him, too, about wallpaper paste, and ponder well the wallpapers available.

There are some quite wonderfully decorative papers in spots, stripes, and picture prints.

You'll be saved much grief if you remember that the hare and the tortoise story has particular application to redecorating. You don't need swift or clever hands. You need care, persistence, and, above all, forethought.

## TEENAGE SECTION



**GIRL'S BEDROOM:** Deep green for the furniture and spread, pink walls and deeper pink touches, apple-green-and-white-striped wallpaper, circular felt mat in sharp lime-green, and clever touches of black and white. The floor covering is pale grey lino tiles. How to do such decorating is explained in the story and sketches opposite. Nearly all the work is well within the scope of a teenager.

Rene



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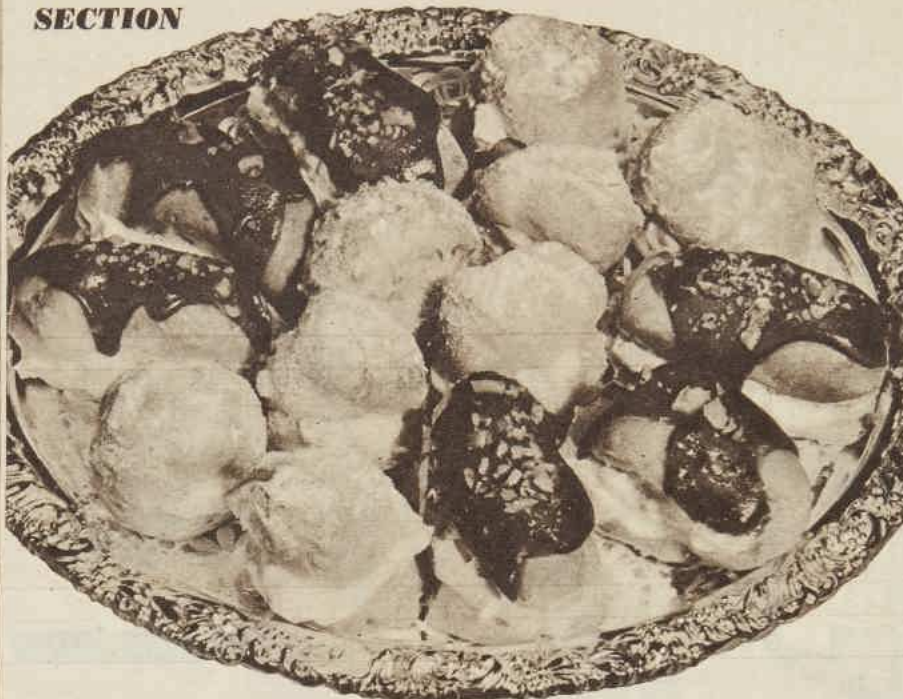
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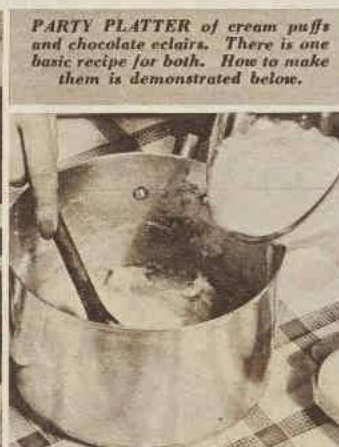
# DEBBIE MAKES CREAM PUFFS

● Below, Debbie, our teenage chef, gives step-by-step instructions for making cream puffs and their glamorous cousins, chocolate eclairs.

## TEENAGE SECTION



**MELT** 2oz. butter in  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint hot water, bring to the boil. Sift 1 cup plain flour with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, add to saucepan all at once, and stir quickly until the mixture is smooth and thick.



**PARTY PLATTER** of cream puffs and chocolate eclairs. There is one basic recipe for both. How to make them is demonstrated below.



**TO MAKE** eclairs, fill mixture into a large forcing bag of greaseproof paper or waterproof material with a plain  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. pipe attached. Pipe 3 in. lengths of mixture on to greased trays.



**MAKE** the puffs by spooning the mixture on to the tray a teaspoonful at a time (flat oven-trays are best for puffs and eclairs). Keep the shapes even and space them well apart—they spread and rise during cooking. Meanwhile pre-heat oven to hot. Place tray in, and cook 10 minutes.



**REDUCE** oven heat to very moderate, continue cooking 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Cool on cake-cooler, split open, remove moist centres. Coat eclairs with chocolate or coffee flavored icing, sprinkle with chopped nuts; dust puffs with sifted icing sugar. Fill both with whipped cream.

# DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

THE fashion flash above answers the reader's request below. Here is her letter and my reply.

"I AM searching for a pattern of a simple frock to be made in a dark-colored wool that can be worn with contrasting-colored collar and cuffs or costume jewellery. I would be grateful if you could assist me with this problem. By the way, I am an office worker, and the dress I have in mind is for wearing to work as well as for little outings."

There's the answer to your problem illustrated at right—a one-piece dress in wool. It could be charcoal, black, or deep chocolate-brown, and can be dressed up to any degree you wish. You could wear it to the office, yet it would look equally chic minus the white touch and plus jewellery for a dinner or theatre date. A paper pattern is obtainable for the design in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. See lines under the sketch for further details and how to order.

"I AM making myself a black velvet afternoon frock which I intend to trim with a narrow white lace edging. The problem is a low neck does not suit me. What do you advise?"

There is no reason why your frock should not have a high throatline. I suggest you have the bodice-top made with a set-in "V" collar, the V edges finished with narrow white lace.

"I HAVE some material which was originally intended for a man's suit. Do you think it would be suitable for a dress? I have several quite good suits and don't really need another."

Use the material for a coat-dress. The latter, made in man-nish fabric, has returned to fashion in Paris. A popular model from the Jacques Griffe collection is a double-breasted style in deep grey flannel striped in white; you might consider copying the latter for the material you wrote about.

● Now in the fashion spotlight is the lean-bodied, one-piece dress in dark wool, highlighted with winter white.



"I WANT to buy myself an after-five dress that can also be worn for dinner and dancing. The problem is I can't wear a straight skirt, so I am undecided what to look for that is in fashion."

Not new, but still popular and in fashion, is the cupola-skirted dress for afternoon and short evening styles. The skirt is always lined and worn over a stiffened petticoat. Numbers of dresses in this category have a fitted bodice finishing a few inches below the waistline.

"I WANT to make myself a good dressing-gown to wear on a visit to friends, but I can't make up my mind about the style. I am not at all the frilly type, and wear everything very tailored."

I suggest a dressing-gown tailored like a man's bathrobe, made in a glamor material such as velvet or satin.

"WOULD it be suitable to wear to a formal party a ballerina-length evening frock that has a bare top?"

Yes, it would. Even at quite big social events the ballerina-length evening gown is apt to overshadow more formal floor lengths. The exception is the woman in her mid-forties, who generally shows a strong preference for a floor-length gown.

"EARLY in spring I am being married. As I intend wearing a formal bridal gown, I would like you to let me know the type of materials and style that are going to be featured."

The spring bride will have a feminine, delicate air. The most popular bridal material will be a fragile lace, silk, or cotton organdie, net, or any other diaphanous weave. Tiers, flounces, and the now-established elongated waistlines and moulded bodices are style

points to remember. Lace bands, seed pearls, and embroideries are elegant details. Floor and ballerina length are both popular.

"COULD you please tell me if the new fashion of the longer body-line would be suitable for a young person?"

Yes. Junior fashions are becoming very svelte. Three current ways to the long, lean look for teenagers are the following: The princess sheath with an empire bustline, the torso dress combining a fitted, extended bodice-top and bouffant skirt, and a slender skirt and separate overblouse top.

"I WANT to make myself a winter jacket to wear over odd skirts and sweaters or with rather tapered slacks. What would you advise? I thought something loose and boxy."

A wrist-length coat with a slightly tapered silhouette finished with a small collar and narrow, uncuffed sleeves has replaced and is far more chic than last season's boxy shortie.

"WOULD you kindly suggest something new in line and color for a mid-season winter costume? The outfit is to be worn by a woman with a good, slim figure who has a fair complexion and brown eyes."

The "all-brown" look is new in mid-winter fashion; so is the narrow skirt and boxy jacket plus an overblouse. Both these "looks" could be successfully combined. You could, for instance, have a curved front box jacket and slim, matching skirt made in brown tweed, complemented by a brown sheer wool overblouse and matching brown accessories.

"AS I am to be a spring bride I am busy making lingerie for my trousseau. This is my problem: I have made a beautiful chiffon nightgown with a lace top and would now like to complete it with a bedjacket. What style would you suggest?"

I suggest a cape of lace, trimmed with a deep-pleated frill of chiffon. You will, of course, make it in the same lace and chiffon used for the nightgown.

"I AM very fond of red, and as I see it is a new color for spring I wondered if it would be suitable to use it to brighten a grey suit."

Yes, it would. Red in accessory form will be just as smart as red for a whole outfit. With a grey spring suit I suggest the following: red calfskin bag, black gloves, white hat.

"THIS season I am going on a ski-ing holiday. I have my ski pants, but would like your advice about tops."

For active ski-ing "multiple" layers of shirts and sweaters are practical. For instance, a turtle-neck sweater in fine wool could be worn under a shirt in cotton, silk, or wool jersey, while the outer garment is usually a heavier gauge knit or a wind-jacket. This method of dressing allows the wearer to remove layers as the weather warms.

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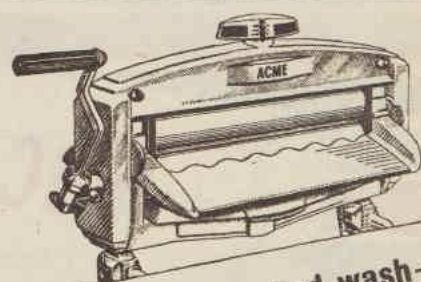
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BEGINNING in our issue of May 25 we have listed four qualities weekly of the total 32 from which we ask you to pick the 12 which appeal most to you in a husband and father.

With the last coupon to be published, in our issue of July 13, we will also publish an entry form on which the qualities must be listed. As well, competitors must attach the complete set of eight coupons to the entry form.

The judges—all women—will then select the qualities each considers most impor-

tant, and these answers will be computed on the same basis as preferential voting.

The result obtained will be the correct answer. Prizes are four Hillman Minx sedan cars, registered and insured for 12 months, bringing the actual value of each to £1000.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 15, 1955

# Prize cars presented

The seven winners of The Australian Women's Weekly Road Safety Contest have been putting their road-consciousness into practice since receiving their prizes of new Hillman Minx cars, which were recently presented to them.

SOME winners are already driving their new cars, others are taking driving lessons and hoping to obtain licences soon.

Mr. S. E. Flint, of Leeton, N.S.W., a research officer of the Water Conservation and Irrigation Commission, got special leave to come to Sydney for the presentation of cars to winners at John McGrath Motors' showrooms.

Mr. Flint, his wife, and 16-month-old daughter Alison took 13½ hours to travel to Sydney by train, but were able to return home in style in the new Hillman Minx, which also carried an extra set of Olympic tyres.

All winners of cars received sets of Olympic tyres as an additional prize.

"I can't say how thrilled we are," said Mrs. Flint, who had also entered the contest. "Having a car of our own will make a terrific difference in getting around the country."

Also packed in the Hillman Minx on the return trip was a newly purchased car cover to protect the prize until a garage can be built at the Flints' Leeton home. Mr. and Mrs. Flint had been saving up for a car.

Miss N. Kavanagh, a typist, of Sutherland, N.S.W., was one of the two competitors who succeeded in listing all of the eight road safety suggestions in correct order. She was the only N.S.W. winner who already had a car.



AT THE WHEEL of her new car is prize-winner Miss N. Kavanagh, while another winner, Mrs. W. E. Tolhurst, looks through the window.

Mrs. W. E. Tolhurst, of Lane Cove, N.S.W., was the only other competitor to give the eight road safety suggestions in correct order. She had not owned a car for many years.

As she has no licence yet, her new Hillman Minx was driven home for her, and she is now taking driving lessons so that she will be able to use it for shopping, visiting friends, and to go on holiday tours.

Mr. J. Cartwright, of Harris Park, N.S.W., who works for the Forestry Commission, was another prize-winning non-driver.

His wife and two young children were delighted when he won the new car, which had to be left for several days at the showroom until it could be delivered to the Cartwright home. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright sent entries to our contest.

Mr. D. W. Hodges, of Kew, Victoria, got what he called the "shock of his life" when advised that he had won a car. His "car-happy" 10-year-old son, Anthony, will now, said his father, transfer his meticulous cleaning methods to the new Hillman.

The two South Australian

winners, Mrs. M. A. Lewis, of Mount Compass, and Mrs. Y. B. Wray, of Meadows, who live only 15 miles away from each other, have struck up a friendship since their names appeared in the list of prizewinners.

The winner of the eighth Hillman Minx and set of Olympic tyres will be announced soon. Twelve competitors tied for the eighth prize, and they are taking part in an elimination contest which will decide the winner.



ABOVE: Mr. S. E. Flint, of Leeton, N.S.W., packs Olympic tyres into the car he won in our contest, while his wife watches. The tyres were also a prize.

LEFT: Another prize-winner, Mr. J. Cartwright, of Harris Park, N.S.W., stands beside the Hillman Minx which he won.

## "Hands still baby-smooth though she washes every day"

says Aunt Jenny.

"She has lovely hands," Aunt Jenny said of young Mrs. B. Hughes, after visiting her home at Therry Street, Avalon, N.S.W. "When I told her so, Mrs. Hughes smiled and replied: 'That says a lot for Velvet, Aunt Jenny, because I've been married for over three years and, during the last nine months, I've done baby's washing every day—on top of the weekly wash and the usual daily round of washing-up'."

Hands in water every day? Then take care to use good, pure Velvet Soap for every household job—for washing, clothes, dishes and floors. Velvet's extra soapy suds get everything really clean . . . make clothes last longer . . . and are simply wonderful for dish-washing. Velvet is so pure, so gentle, it keeps your hands pretty to see.



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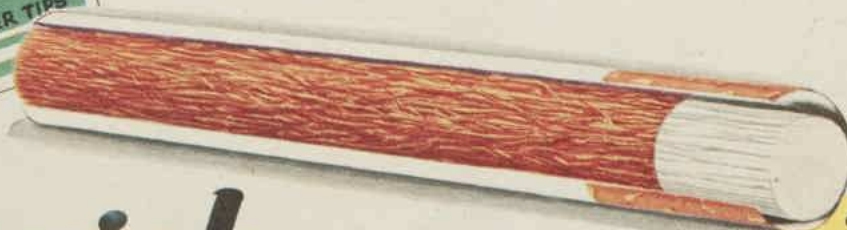
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# Garrick

## *Filter-tip*

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Garrick good taste is a combination of accurately blended fine Virginia tobaccos. The smoke is filtered—the flavour and fragrance retained.

# Linda Darnell

● Raven-haired and with luminous brown eyes, Linda Darnell is the delight of professional photographers and is almost invariably included in their selections of "the world's most beautiful women."

SHE not only looks as though she should have a Park Avenue address in New York and drive in a Rolls-Royce but she actually does. The address is that of the parents of brewery tycoon Philip Liebmman, who is Linda's second husband.

Between them the Liebmanns have five addresses in all—Linda's Hollywood home and New Mexico ranch, Philip's country home, the New York family mansion, and a villa in Rome.

Linda's first marriage was to ace photographer Peverell Marley, who made all her early film tests and encouraged and helped her in her career. They were married in Las Vegas in 1943, and were divorced in 1951. Marley was 25 years her senior.

The adopted daughter of this marriage, Lola, is in Linda's care.

Only 16 when she starred in her first film, "Hotel for Women," Linda looked so gorgeous and did such a nice job that she was hustled immediately into "Daytime Wife" with Tyrone Power.

Of the many films she has made since then, "Anna and the King of Siam," "Forever Amber," and "A Letter to Three Wives" have perhaps been her best.

A strange aspect of her film career is that (unlike some actresses who in their 30s still play young girls) Linda when she came of age had played only adult roles, but had never once appeared in a juvenile part.

Dark and exotic Linda has twice appeared on the screen with fair hair. Her bosses so much liked the amber Linda of "Forever Amber" that they persuaded her to keep it fair for one more picture. This was "The Walls of Jericho."

One of the comparatively few stars to use her own name, Linda was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1923. Her father was for 30 years a clerk in the Dallas Post Office. She has three brothers and two sisters.

Linda took her first job when she was 11, modelling clothes after school for the Dallas stores.

She is also one of the few film beauties who cannot be persuaded to have her hair cut short. "I think men like long hair," she says.

After being guided exclusively by 20th Century-Fox for 13 years, Linda's horizons opened out when she persuaded them to a contract adjustment that allows her to film where and for whom she pleases, provided she gives Fox one picture a year.

Since then she has made "Forbidden Women" in Italy, "This Is My Love" for R.K.O. with Faith Domergue, Dan Duryea, and Rick Jason, and has just completed another Italian film, "The Last Five Minutes," with Vittorio De Sica.

At the time of going to press, Linda is still in Rome, "awaiting further developments," but clearly in no hurry to leave that fascinating city. "It is nice," she said, "to see what normal living is like. But I still want to do a couple of pictures a year."

The publicity handouts that say Linda has learned to speak fluent Italian aren't exaggerating. She now speaks Italian so well she has done a "Voice of America" broadcast in that language.



# Talking of Films

## ★★ The Colditz Story

AN all-man film, "The Colditz Story" will have a special appeal to theatre-seat "escape specialists." For the German fortress castle of Colditz (claimed—how falsely the film shows—to be escape-proof) was used during World War II to house recaptured allied P.O.s, specially suspect for their determination to escape.

The Poles, Russians, French, Dutch, and British prisoners of Colditz were all, in their way, escape specialists. The ingenious and daring plans of these men to regain freedom to fight again, plus the inter-allied rivalry to make "home runs," give the London Films production its special flavor.

P. R. Reid's book upon which the film is based is not ideal film material, with its series of anti-climaxes, and it seems at times that director Guy Hamilton would have done better to confine himself to fewer and more fully developed escape attempts.

But, for all that, the essential drama of the running battle between P.O.s and their German guards comes through.

As the British escape officer, that most honest and sterling of English actors John Mills

gives another fine, quiet performance, matched by Eric Portman, impressive and distinguished as the senior British officer of the camp.

Foolery and occasional lunatic outbursts of high spirits are the background for the continuous escape attempts and personal dramas of the P.O.s.

In Sydney—Embassy.

## ★ About Mrs. Leslie

THE old-fashioned "woman's picture" makes an unexpected reappearance in Paramount's "About Mrs. Leslie," story of a Hollywood boardinghouse keeper with a past.

This unashamed melodrama is the most surprising vehicle for the magnificent acting talents of Shirley Booth. Robert Ryan (looking depressed beyond measure to find himself in such a story) cannot be said to give her exactly lively support.

Shirley Booth will win your sympathy and your tears as the ex-nightclub singer who forms a lasting attachment to a married aircraft-manufacturer who is able to escape from his family and career for only six weeks every year.

These he spends with Shirley in a luxurious rented house

## Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★★ "On the Waterfront," drama, starring Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden. Plus ★ "Outlaw Sallion," technicolor Western, starring Phil Carey, Dorothy Patrick, Billy Gray.

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Colditz Story," P.O.W. escape drama, starring Eric Portman, John Mills. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "The Belles of St. Trinians," comedy, starring Alastair Sim, Joyce Grenfell, George Cole. Plus ★ "Conflict of Wings," Eastmancolor drama, starring John Gregson, Muriel Pavlow, Kieron Moore.

LIBERTY.—★ "The Last Time I Saw Paris," technicolor drama in Metrocolor, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Donna Reed. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★★ "Jedda," Gevacolor Australian drama, starring Ngarla Kunoth, Robert Tudawali. Plus ★ "Mission Over Korea," war drama, starring John Hodiak, John Derek.

LYRIC.—★★★ "Sabrina," romantic comedy, starring Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden. Plus ★★ "Unseen," thriller, starring Gail Russell, Joel McCrea, Herbert Marshall. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★★ "Carmen Jones," CinemaScope color Negro musical drama, starring Dorothy Dandridge, Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★★★ "The Racers," CinemaScope drama in color, starring Kirk Douglas, Bella Darvi, Gilbert Roland. Plus ★ "Geraldine," comedy, starring Stan Freberg, Mala Powers, John Carroll.

on the Californian seashore, interrupted by long-distance telephone calls from Washington and his home.

The film opens with the lonely Shirley of the later boardinghouse era, and in flashback traces the course of her life from the moment of her meeting with Ryan. The introduction of a handful of lodgers and neighbors somewhat crudely points the disadvantages of her final position.

Take your handkerchief, but not your husband.

In Sydney.—Prince Edward.

## CITY FILM GUIDE

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "About Mrs. Leslie," drama, starring Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "Black Widow," suspense drama in color and CinemaScope, starring Ginger Rogers, Van Heflin, Gene Tierney, George Raft. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Bad Day At Black Rock," CinemaScope suspense drama in color, starring Spencer Tracy, Robert Ryan. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Wages of Fear," drama, French and English dialogue, with English subtitles, starring Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Vera Clouzot. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★★ "Doctor in the House," technicolor comedy, starring Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Kay Kendall. Plus ★★ "Life in the Arctic," true-life adventure in color.

VICTORY.—★ "Six Bridges to Cross," drama, starring Tony Curtis, Julia Adams, George Nader. Plus ★ "Smoke Signal," technicolor outdoor adventure, starring Dana Andrews, Piper Laurie, Rex Reason.

## Films not yet reviewed

CENTURY.—"Prince of Players," biographical drama in CinemaScope Delux color, starring Richard Burton, Maggie McNamara, John Derek. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—"Riding Shotgun," Warnercolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Joan Weldon. Plus "San Francisco Story," outdoor adventure, starring Yvonne de Carlo, Joel McCrea. (Re-release.)

PARIS (could begin Saturday).—"The Bed," French and English dialogue omnibus film, starring Richard Todd, Marlene Dietrich, Vittorio de Sica, Dawn Adams. Plus featurettes.

## News from studios

THERE certainly should be something different about "Joe MacBeth," modernised and hepped-up version of the Shakespearean drama now being filmed in England and Scotland. Its director is Mike Frankovitch, for aer American football player, turned producer.

THE ever-dwindling roster of contract players at R.K.O. Hollywood studios has been further reduced with

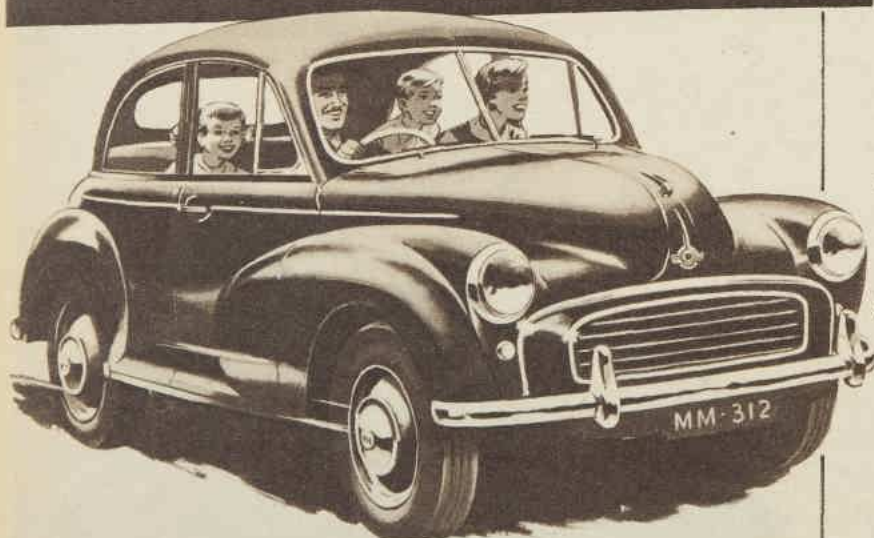
the dropping of beautiful starlet Barbara Darrow. Only Ursula Thiess, German wife of Robert Taylor, and Michael St. Angel are left. Jane Russell is under personal contract to R.K.O.'s boss, Howard Hughes.

FOLLOWING Rosemary Clooney and Doris Day into films by way of juke-box success is singer Kitty Kallen. Once a vocalist with Harry James' band, Kitty's first film

will be "The Second Greatest Sex," in which she appears with George Nader.

FANS will be forgetting what Victor Mature looks like in a lounge-suit. After finishing his trio of Hollywood biblical films, "The Robe," "Samson and Delilah," and "The Egyptian," Vic climbed into another version of fancy clothes for "Last Frontier." Now in England making "Zarak Khan," he's wearing robes again as a Mongol chieftain.

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**1** **MARTY** (Borgnine) is a Bronx butcher who longs for romance but can never get a girl, and so is forced to spend his evenings with the local boys.



**2** **EXASPERATED** when his mother (Esther Minciotti) pesters him about getting married, echoing his well-meaning women customers, Marty explodes, "I'm fat and ugly and I don't want any more heartaches. Forget it, Ma."



**3** **EMPTY** night is filled in by Marty and his best friend, Angie, a confirmed bachelor (Joe Mantell), by watching other people enjoying themselves at a cheap neighborhood dance-hall.



**4** **ESCORT** who met her on blind date attempts to off-load homely Clara (Betsy Blair) on friend. Marty understands her distress only too well and timidly goes over and asks her to dance.

## PRIZE FILM

★ Coveted top award of the Cannes Film Festival, the Golden Palm, was carried off by the modest American black-and-white film "Marty," against competition from 40 countries.

Made by the independent producing team of Harold Hetch-Burt Lancaster, and released through United Artists, it stars Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair, wife of Gene Kelly.

"Marty" makes film history in being the first movie to be taken from a play written for television. In its original form it won America's top prize for the year's best television play.

It is the first time an American film has won the honor of the Golden Palm, though for years the U.S. has submitted expensive, star-studded entries hoping to carry off the prize.



**5** **PATHETICALLY** grateful for each other's company, Marty later sees Clara home. He says he has never enjoyed himself so much.



**6** **UNEXPECTED** resistance is shown to Marty's friendship with Clara by his mother, who now fears she will lose the family breadwinner. Jealous of losing one of their members, the boys of his old gang also try to discourage Marty's romance.



**7** **BACK** with gang, Marty suddenly realises he has a girl. "What am I doing here?" he shouts before he rushes away to phone her.

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### BEYOND THE HUNGRY COUNTRY

By Louise A. Stinetorf

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Says Terry (Maria Teresa Pagliani), "In Australia—and afterwards—my figure will be kept looking its best by the lovely Berlei garments I've found here. They fit so well!"



"I love the Berlei fabrics—obviously chosen in the world's best markets," says Marisa Crespi. "The Berlei girdle and bra I've been fitted with are so comfortable and so lovely, too!"



Coming from the Continent—where figure-care is an art that goes hand-in-hand with fashion—the Women's Weekly Italian Mannequins have all chosen Berlei as their personal foundation garments. At the fashion parades, to be held in cities throughout Australia, these four lovely girls will rely on Berlei bras and girdles to give them the correct Continental line.

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## Continuing Most Likely To Succeed

[from page 3]

and worried, looked down at her unhappily.

She tried to smile and wave at them, but her eyes were too heavy to stay open any more, and Harry and Les drifted away with her consciousness.

She didn't say, "Where am I?" or anything like that when she woke up, because as soon as she opened her eyes she knew she was in a hospital room, and then, of course, she remembered everything. Her leg was a monstrous, clumsy bulk suspended above the bed, in a harness of wires and pulleys—a shapeless thing of plaster. But still it didn't hurt at all.

"Hallo, there—you awake?" the nurse said, and Shelly turned her head, returning the little brunette's friendly smile. "You've had a good rest, haven't you? Sixteen hours. Anyone ever tell you you're susceptible to a sedative? Your friends were very unhappy they had to leave without seeing you awake . . ."

Sixteen hours. It was Monday morning, then. And with the competition for the advertising job as close as it was, of course Harry and Les had had to leave last night as planned.

But a bleak chill of loneliness swept over her and she squeezed her eyes shut against the threat of tears.

"Couple of wonderful fellows," the little nurse said dreamily. "You're lucky. They'll both be up next weekend to take you home. You'll be on a walking cast by then. Oh—and one of them sent you the flowers; wired them from New York this morning . . ."

She hadn't seen the flowers, the great bunch of gladioli by the windows, but she felt a warm wave of affection for Harry as she read the card the nurse handed her.

Les would be careless, but it was like Harry to have sent the flowers right away. It would be safe to count on Harry for flowers or candy every day this week, because Harry was careful; Harry wouldn't ever forget. Busy or not.

And then she was staring incredulously, because the fair young man standing apologetically in the doorway was certainly Les, and, as the nurse rose and smiled him welcome and departed, he moved swiftly to her bedside.

"Kept me waiting out there a jolly long time," Les said cheerfully. "I made you a present, just to keep busy. Can I smoke in here, d'you suppose?"

He had his pipe out, packing it, and she was staring at the ridiculous little figure on the

blanket while the laughter swelled almost hysterically in her.

Made of two twisted pipe-cleaners and a few bits of adhesive tape, the little figure flourished toothpicks for ski poles and wore whittled pieces of wood for skis, and Les had somehow captured not only the posture but the giddy exhilaration of a skier rushing too recklessly downhill.

He could be a sculptor, too, she thought—but of course he wouldn't. He wouldn't ever be very much of anything, just enough, never more. Harry would be advertising manager, Harry would have a bigger house and a shinier car, and Harry's wife would have a maid. Two maids, maybe. And Harry would always remember to send flowers, even when he was too busy to come himself.

But Les would never be too busy to come himself; Les would always be there when he was needed. Les would never be advertising manager, because he wouldn't try hard enough, because he was content to be a good salesman. And Les' wife would have a smaller house than Harry's and a cheaper car. And Les' wife wouldn't have a maid.

But Les' wife would have Les! Les' wife would be not merely the woman with whom he generously shared the fruits of his labors, but the first and foremost purpose of every thought he had.

It had simply not occurred to Les to leave her here and go back to work; it never would occur to him that anything could be more important than she to him, even transiently.

And, practical or not, that was just the way she wanted Les to feel, now and forevermore.

"I'll keep this, Les," she said, picking up the little figure of the skier, and even as she spoke she knew he wouldn't understand how important it was; she could never make him see how wonderful he was, because he had never tried to be. "I want to keep this always."

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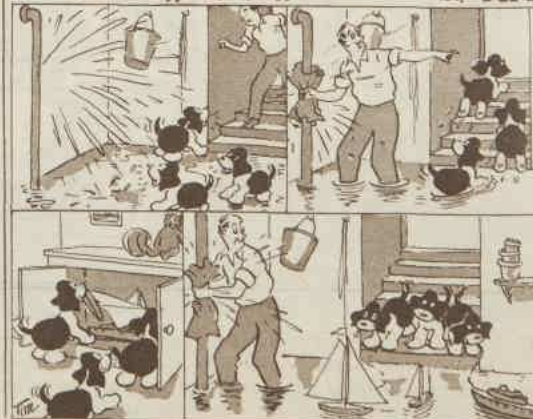
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### FOR THE CHILDREN

*Wuff, Snuff & Tuff*

by TIM



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 15, 1955

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

# AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are June 13 and June 18. Wear all shades of green, from pale lawn-green to deep, dark green, also tartans.	★ You may think you know all the answers, but some of them may be wrong. If starting a new job or applying for one, prospects are good.	★ The family may be difficult, easily ruffled over trifles, upset because of a not-too-welcome visitor, or through minor illness or nervous tension. Keep cool and calm.	★ If you're planning a gift or a surprise for the one you love, find out just what would be most acceptable by careful, tactful questioning.	★ You're out to get things done and you have no intention of putting up with friends who are half-hearted. You may end up doing most of the work yourself.
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are June 15 and June 20. Bring out that red lipstick, that brilliant red scarf or hankie and you'll be smart in any costume.	★ Your work should be both congenial and profitable just now. This counts for all of you, but especially for those connected with fashion, cosmetics, and decoration.	★ Real joy over a satisfactory business affair, a rise in pay or an honor may be the main emphasis. Conditions are happy and harmonious.	★ A really happy time for lovers, with pleasures shared and any friction cleared up. Those who are still single may be shopping for engagement rings.	★ You may ask a few leading questions on where the money went in connection with a recent project. The balance sheet may prove disappointing.
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are June 14 and June 16. All those mid-blues, especially sage, attract romance. For evening, combine several blues.	★ If you are connected with publicity, advertising, publications, it is highly probable that you will gain success through your cleverness. Otherwise, big news.	★ Some wonderful scheme may keep you all in a whirlwind of anticipation. You may be so busy planning that ordinary tasks are neglected, but nobody grumbles.	★ The accent is on youth, whether you're young in years or in spirit; your personal relationships are the all-important factor, but you may be pulled in two directions.	★ Should you decide to issue an ultimatum that you will resign unless your ideas are accepted, if you are on a committee, you might find this to be a good way out.
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are June 14 and June 20. All the mauves, from the most delicate hints to purple, have a particularly fortunate influence.	★ A remarkable energy, an enterprising spirit, will speed up your work and perhaps take you into fields you never anticipated. The brave will win fame and fortune.	★ If you are set on a domestic revolution you are likely to go as it hammer and tongs, feeling you've waited long enough for others to make a move.	★ A new element may come into your life and, while you have given scant thought to it up until now, it may become increasingly vital in your emotional outlook.	★ Functions where your colleagues with the same interests congregate can be enjoyable, but they should be planned well in advance. They enable you to contact people.
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are June 17 and June 19. Choose a golden ornament, a daffodil blouse, an orange scarf for that exciting first date.	★ This is not the moment to make important changes. You may arouse resentment which could undermine your efforts or cost you more than it's worth.	★ Should you be contemplating removals, the buying or selling of property, postpone the idea if you possibly can; there will be better opportunities for you later.	★ If a girl, don't show off and place your man in the shade; that won't deepen his affection. If a man, be patient, her peculiarities make her fascinating.	★ You are likely to be called upon to organise a social evening or help with programmes or ushering, but whatever you're doing it will be fun.
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are June 14 and June 18. If it's a dance, flimsy rose is sure to bring admiration. If it's daytime, wear a red belt.	★ While Lady Luck might sit on your doorstep, you yourself must invite her in. Present decisions in regard to occupation are going to have a lasting influence.	★ Since your home may be on display, make it look its best. Your sign is strong on details. Add attractive touches to your home by careful placing of accents.	★ Should you happen to be taking part in games or competitions and form a winning team, give full credit to each other for your success. Keep off criticisms.	★ Returning hospitality is occasionally a problem, but you are clever at thinking up novelties. Don't be too proud to pick up suggestions wherever you go.
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are June 13 and June 19. If you decide on dark blue or dark red do not neglect to add a touch of white on the collar.	★ Deceptive conditions may create fog in your generally clear thinking. Discount largely dreams of sudden wealth or fame and concentrate on practical things.	★ A good deal of activity is likely to be going on at home. There may be children doing homework or practising music, or you yourself may be acquiring new skills.	★ One effective way to ripen friendship into love is to attend concerts or pictures or sports meetings which both of you enjoy. Discussion afterwards interesting.	★ Engagements or appointments seem unable to dovetail. Much time may be lost through waiting around for your next activity to begin. Utilise travelling time.
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are June 14 and June 19. Now is the moment for that smugly or rakish hat no one else could hope to wear.	★ Do you hate some of the limitations which hem you in? Make a game of turning disabilities into advantages. You have the iron will to succeed where others fail.	★ Have the whole family gone off and left you home alone? Become interested in a hobby or sport. Don't feel sorry for yourself, look around for a new thrill.	★ You've fallen in love and are daydreaming, particularly if you know each other only slightly; remember closer acquaintance may be disillusioning.	★ Practical needs, personal or health affairs, medical or dental appointments may be a brake on your social life, but you are certain to run into friends.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are June 16 and June 18. See how many colors you can combine so skillfully that they all blend and you'll be fortunate.	★ Hunt up those who can help you to your goal. A surprise may not be far off, but it won't drop into your lap. You have competitors who possess energy and resources.	★ Going social and worrying over how you can entertain a larger number than usual? It's going to work out fine and they'll all have a good time, including yourself.	★ It's hey for romance, so get set, if a man, and not a good dancer, take lessons. This will raise you in her estimation. If a girl, be as glamorous as possible.	★ The tempo is still rising. You'll be invited out and are likely to join up with a crowd you have envied from a distance. You'll probably be involved in sport.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are June 17 and June 20. With your mind on business bent, wear string color, sand, fawn, or wood-brown for success.	★ Make the most of any opportunity, for after this week the stars turn their attention elsewhere. Excellent influences, but some initiative on your part is essential.	★ If likely to have visits from young children, remove all breakable ornaments within their reach. There is also a certain danger of accidents to elderly people.	★ Does he or she appear to have cooled off lately? Indifference can be worse than a quarrel, and some of you have let slip opportunities to cultivate affection.	★ Perhaps you help in some clerical task, such as sending out notices for a club to which you belong, or you volunteer for a bit of drudgery nobody wants.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are June 14 and June 17. Royal-blue, violet, also hydrangea-blue, with novelty ornaments, help romantic vibrations.	★ It could be either fun which involves a lot of work or work which is also fun, but the two are intertwined. You may get a small sum of money.	★ This week ends much coming and going for most. You can look forward to being home more often and catching up with personal and domestic affairs.	★ Better clinch that love affair into a formal engagement right now, because after this week opportunities to pop the question may be scarce.	★ Introducing friends to your other friends is a risky business. It's painful if they don't hit it off and if they do you may find yourself left out in the cold.
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are June 13 and June 20. Black, black-and-white, or charcoal effects are excellent. Shoes are especially important.	★ Housewives may be congratulating themselves on high-speed efficiency, many small improvements, in some cases a money-making sideline may be developed.	★ Home life is pretty much what you choose to make it. You can sell the family on the idea that home is a grand place and that there is much pleasure there.	★ Love has probably simmered down to taking each other for granted at present, but peace and harmony alone with quiet contentment should be welcome.	★ If in doubt whether to dress up in rather formal clothes or not and you are unable to discover what the rest are doing, stick to simple things.



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treated for shock and a broken ankle. She had lain back in the easy chair by Brigit's bed and, turning her white, dust-marked face to Brigit, said hoarsely:

"I'm sorry I'm letting you down, ducky. I'll be back as soon as I can hobble."

Brigit had been going to say quickly, "There'll be no need," for by the time Nurse Ellen's ankle was mended she hoped to be walking normally. But there were too many people in the room, Uncle Saunders, enormous in a checked dressing-gown, looking irritable at having had his night's rest ruined; Aunt Annabel fluttering about nervously; Prissie still tear-nervously and distraught; Guy with his gloomy, fatalistic look — why did she think it might be wise to keep her mobility a secret, that it might be a trump card later on?

"Don't worry," she said soothingly to Nurse Ellen. "Just go away and forget about all this."

Nurse Ellen's blue eyes, paler now, and rimmed with dark circles, went round the watching faces. She frowned a little, as if there were something she couldn't understand. Then she said in a ghost of her old jovial voice. "Can't understand why it took so long to make myself heard. There I lay in that musty, dark hole with those wretched cats walking over my grave. Irreverent creatures, cats." She smiled determinedly, then grimaced with pain.

But as if she would not allow the watching faces to intimidate her, she clung to consciousness and said clearly to Brigit, "Don't let that Clementine fool you!" Then, probably to her intense disgust, she fainted, and before she regained consciousness the doctor was there.

What had she meant by telling Brigit not to let Clementine fool her? In the cold, dreary morning light, Brigit could not concentrate.

She remembered vaguely Doctor Brown saying that he would send another nurse, and Prissie saying in her clear, self-possessed voice that she could take over very well from Nurse

## Continuing . . . . . Darling Clementine

(from page 5)

So it was Prissie who brought her breakfast tray with the letters on it. When she saw the one with her name and address printed in block letters she automatically slipped it beneath the others. The blackmailer again! Oh, no, this was too much.

"Is there something the matter, Mrs. Gaye?" Prissie was looking at her concernedly.

"No, I'm all right. It's just that drug the doctor gave me last night. I can't wake up properly. I feel as if I'm in a nightmare."

"Have your coffee quickly and you'll feel better. After all, there's nothing to worry about now. Nurse Ellen is safe and everything is all right."

Everything—with that letter on her breakfast tray!

As soon as Prissie had left the room Brigit's trembling fingers opened the envelope and took out the slip of paper.

The sprawling printing in a flamboyant violet ink read:

*You have made a mistake, my dear. It was a hundred and fifty pounds I asked for. You sent only a hundred. The other fifty had better arrive by tomorrow or else!*

What was she to do? What was she to do?

Brigit was still lying back nervelessly when Aunt Annabel bustled in.

"I've come for your tray, dear—oh, my dear, you haven't touched it!"

Brigit said, "No," and then could say no more.

She was aware of Aunt Annabel coming close and peering at her with her kind, short-sighted eyes.

"Brigit, there's something else wrong."

Brigit whispered, "No," again, but Aunt Annabel, bending over her, said in a suddenly brisk voice, "You never could tell lies, my dear, even as a little girl. There is something wrong. Don't mind telling me. I might be able to help you."

"You can't this time," Brigit said flatly. "After all, Uncle

Saunders never gives you any extra money, does he?"

"Is it money then, dear?"

Brigit nodded. "It is and yet it's so much worse. Oh, Aunt Annabel, how much do you love Guy?"

Aunt Annabel patted Brigit's head.

"I love you both. I have no children of my own, you know. I could have shown my affection so much more if it had been easier."

Suddenly her eyes glinted and she said fiercely, "I've always been a coward. Saunders is so over-powering. But if Guy is in trouble, of course I will help. And not a word to Saunders. Tell me, dear. What is it?"

So, with the gentle, kindly old face above her, the whole story tumbled from Brigit's trembling lips.

"I haven't got another fifty pounds," she sobbed. "And even if I had, presently another one of these horrible letters will come."

Aunt Annabel, who had taken the story of Guy's cowardice very calmly, continued to pat her head.

"Now don't worry, love. It's so bad for you. As it happens I can easily put my hands on fifty pounds."

"Oh, can you?"

"Quite easily, dear. I'll bring them to you later."

Brigit was filled with hope, then despair.

"But is it any use? If this sort of thing is going on indefinitely —"

For a moment Aunt Annabel looked frightened, her eyes going blank. Whatever shock the story had given her she was determinedly hiding, for Brigit's sake.

"Don't let's look on the black side. This person, whoever he is, might get run over or fall down some stairs or even die of pneumonia or something quite respectable like that. I've got into the habit of living from day to day."

She went on briskly, "Now drink your coffee, dear, and you'll feel a lot better. And supposing we don't tell Guy about this new letter until tomorrow. He doesn't deserve to be protected like this, but, poor boy, he hasn't been happy until now. He and Prissie are having their party tonight. It would be a pity to spoil their fun. Oh, we'll manage this little old blackmailer, don't you worry."

Aunt Annabel's words may have been merely bravado, but there was an unsuspected strength in her that Brigit found immensely reassuring and comforting. Suddenly, with the awful anxiety taken over by someone else, she was too tired even to think. With the last thought in her mind that Fergus would be home that evening she fell asleep.

IT was Nicky that morning who refused to be reassured. Although Prissie kept saying, "But there's nothing to be frightened of, you silly boy," he knew very well that there was.

Although the sound had stopped long ago, he kept hearing as a faint echo in his ears that thin voice shrieking, "Let me out!" and he shuddered every time he thought of Nurse Ellen at the bottom of that deep, black hole. It was no use to say that the floor of the wardrobe was rotten and had given way with Nurse Ellen's heavy body. One knew that that wasn't true. One knew that Clementine was responsible.

Either Clementine, the witch doll, had pushed her into the dark hole or that other Clementine . . . . . Though how the Clementine of the cold, slimy toad and the malicious pinching fingers and jeering voice could have got into the house and into the wardrobe he couldn't explain. He only knew that she was magic.

And more bad things would happen. He knew that, too, even though no one would be-

lieve him. Prissie, indeed, had told him shortly to stop in the nursery and mind Sarah and to keep out of her way because she had no time that day for whining little boys.

Actually Nicky was very glad to keep out of Prissie's way because as well as being full of this strange fear he was also guilty. He had taken something of Prissie's. He hadn't been able to resist it.

In all the excitement and bother last night, Prissie had left her treasured locket lying on the dressing-table unguarded. And Nicky, who had been consumed with curiosity as to what it contained ever since Prissie had told her romantic stories about princesses and royal babies, had picked it up and opened it.

He didn't know what he had expected to see inside it. A tiny withered baby, he thought. Or perhaps a miniature crown of diamonds and rubies. Or even a curling golden lock of hair. All there was was a piece of paper neatly folded which, on opening, proved to be a letter.

Nicky couldn't even read it, the writing was so spidery and faint. He was disappointed and disillusioned, but some instinct made him slip the folded letter into the pocket of his pyjamas and close the locket and put it back on the dressing-table. He would ask his mother or somebody to read the letter for him. It might have something about a royal baby in it.

But whatever it contained it could not compensate for the vague, exciting thing he had expected to find in the locket.

In the morning he was not allowed to go to his mother because she was very tired after the disturbance last night. Also, Prissie said in her laughing voice that always seemed to Nicky to carry a threat beneath the laughter, Nicky was being such a difficult little boy that he only worried his mother, he must learn to be placid and happy like Sarah.

So there he was confined to the nursery with the letter in

his pocket still unread and the fear on him that at any moment Prissie might discover that her locket was empty.

He wished desperately that his father were home. When suddenly Guy came into the nursery looking for Prissie it seemed to the frightened little boy that Guy was the next best thing to his father. He approached him timidly with the folded piece of paper.

"Please, Uncle Guy, will you tell me what this says?"

Guy looked at the paper Nicky held out. It seemed that he drew back for a moment, alarmed, as if the grubby piece of paper frightened him.

"Where did you get that?" he asked sharply.

"It's out of Prissie's locket. Oh, please don't tell her! It's about her being a princess. I think, but I can't read it."

Guy's face lightened and he snatched the letter from Nicky.

"Ah, ha! This will be interesting. The little minx, she's been holding out on me. She with her delusions of grandeur." His tone was affectionate and tolerant. He obviously liked Prissie a lot.

"But you won't tell her!" Nicky begged.

"No, I won't tell her. At least, we'll see what this says." His face seemed to stiffen and then to grow very pale. His voice had become a thick whisper.

Nicky couldn't hear what he was saying. Was it . . . can't be true . . . ? Nicky wasn't sure, and he couldn't ask Guy to repeat it, for Guy suddenly thrust the scrap of paper back at him and turned and went out of the room.

So there was Nicky with the unintelligible writing on the paper and no information at all as to what it said. He muttered, "I don't want to know, anyway. I don't care what any old letter says," and he sat on the floor and began to tear it to pieces. He made the pieces smaller and smaller until they looked like confetti at a wedding. Sarah was enchanted and pounced on the

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# Beautiful Hands

...EVEN WHILE YOU WORK



Rub in . . . BEFORE ANY KIND OF WORK —

## "BARRIER" CREAM

(REGD. TRADE NAME)

"Barrier" Cream is a wonderful hand protective cream. Applied every day, it stops grease, harsh detergents and soil stains from damaging the skin. When work is over, soil stains simply float off in soap and water. Lanolin-enriched "Barrier" Cream guards the natural oils in the skin and your hands stay soft and lovely, no matter what you do. Buy a tube or jar of Barrier Cream and watch your hands become more beautiful every day.



FOR USE IN THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF INDUSTRIAL DERMATITIS

"IF IT'S FAULDINGS — IT'S PURE" — at all chemists and stores

watering scraps of paper and  
them about.

When Prissie came in with  
the empty locket dangling in-  
nocently round her neck she  
exclaimed, "Oh, you naughty  
children! Look at that mess  
all over the floor. Now you  
can just tidy it up. Run down  
to Mrs. Hatchett and get a  
broom and shovel. Quickly!"

Curiously, the act of destruc-  
tion had made Nicky feel bet-  
ter. It was funny that Prissie  
could be looking at her pre-  
cious letter scattered all over  
the floor and not knowing what  
it was, just thinking it was a  
page out of some old story  
book. Of course, some day she  
would find out that the letter  
was missing from her locket.  
But she would think Clemen-  
tine had taken it. That was  
Clementine!

Nicky ran whooping down  
the stairs.

It was not Nicky's sudden  
business but the search for the  
housekeeping money that awoke  
Britgit. She was still heavy and  
tired, and the momentary re-  
lief that Aunt Annabel's shoul-  
dering of the burden of the  
blackmailing letters had given  
her seemed to have gone. In-  
deed, all her apprehension was  
back. Too many strange, un-  
pleasant things had happened,  
she thought. They could not  
all be coincidence.

There was her accident, then  
the burglary, then the horrible  
letter from the blackmailer,  
and, nastiest of all, Nurse  
Ellen's fall last night. What  
would be next?

She could not even smile at  
the sound of the pantomime  
going on in the adjoining  
rooms. The search had ap-  
parently grown desperate, for  
Prissie was wandering farther  
afield, while Aunt Annabel  
called, "Not upstairs, dear.  
That's out of bounds. Isn't it,  
Saunders?"

"Yes, out of bounds!" roared  
Uncle Saunders. "I promised  
not to go out of this territory  
and I keep my word."

Prissie's voice came back  
perky, "But supposing I don't  
trust you!" and Uncle Saunders  
gave his great peal of laughter.

Alone in the big bedroom  
Britgit slowly and carefully  
moved her legs. Thank good-  
ness they still responded. Later,  
when the coast was clear, she  
would get out of bed again  
and try to walk across the  
room. She had meant to walk  
into Fergus' arms tonight, but  
now she was not so sure that  
she would divulge her secret.

It was strange how impera-  
tive it seemed to her to keep  
that secret. There was a dim,  
audacious plan forming in her  
head. If it came to fruition  
it would be very necessary to  
keep her mobility a secret.

Was it really true that the  
floor of the wardrobe had col-  
lapsed from dry rot last night?  
Was it?

"Oh, Saunders, we give up  
today," came Aunt Annabel's  
exasperated voice.

"Then you lose," declared  
Uncle Saunders merrily. "That's  
the rule. Well, it's time I won.  
I haven't won for six weeks.  
And what have you to worry  
about, my dear? Haven't you  
stress to the funds of the lame  
cat society? So what are you  
worrying about?"

"Saunders!"

"Come now, don't be so  
shocked. You know as well as  
I do that honesty has never  
paid what one would call a  
thumping dividend. Hi, there,  
Prissie, you look like the cat  
that stole the cream. What  
have you found?"

"She can't have found any-  
thing, Saunders. That's out  
of bounds."

"I just thought Mr. Templar  
might have cheated," came  
Prissie's audacious voice.

"Well, that's a nerve, I must  
say," Uncle Saunders, in high  
good humor, declared: "Come  
downstairs, you little minx, and  
make up your mind to bread

Continuing . . . .

## Darling Clementine

[from page 40]

and water this week because  
we're bankrupt."

"It's too bad for you," Pris-  
sie said primly, "but at least  
I'm going out to dinner to-  
night."

She came lightly down the  
passage to Britgit's room. Her  
cheeks were glowing, her large  
eyes more brilliant than ever.  
Was it the thought of going  
out with Guy that produced  
that excitement?

"Have we disturbed you,  
Mrs. Gaye? Honestly, your  
Uncle Saunders is a character.  
Do you feel better? I'll make  
you a cup of tea."

"Thank you," said Britgit.  
Why should Prissie be so full  
of life today? Didn't Nurse  
Ellen's accident weigh on her  
at all? Perhaps she was glad  
it had happened, because then  
there could be no more awk-  
ward questions about Clemen-  
tine. Clementine! Britgit's  
tired mind slid away from that  
mystery. She concentrated on  
Prissie's injunction that she  
must be bright and cheerful  
for Fergus.

After all, she had promised  
him. No more tears, she had  
said, even though Nurse Ellen  
had nearly died and the black-  
mailer was at work again. Fer-  
gus had to believe that all was  
serene and happy in the Tem-  
plar household. He must not  
despise her family any more  
than he already did, because  
when would that feeling, like  
a contagious disease, spread to  
her?

It began to rain later, so that  
the children could not go out.  
Britgit lay watching the color-  
less drops sliding down the  
window. Prissie was in and  
out all the time, so there was  
no opportunity for her to make  
her attempt to walk.

The carpenter came to mend  
the floor of the wardrobe, the  
hospital where Nurse Ellen had  
been taken reported that the  
patient was as well as could  
be expected, Aunt Annabel  
bobbied in to nod her head  
mysteriously and say that that  
little matter they had discussed  
that morning had been attended  
to, the day wore on unevent-  
fully towards evening, when  
Fergus would be home.

But all the time the appre-  
hension and gloom deepened in  
Britgit. She felt as if the cold  
raindrops were falling in her  
heart. When, in the half dusk,  
she dozed and awoke to the  
sound of the hoarse, whispering  
voice in the chimney, she felt  
no surprise. It was as if she  
had been waiting for it. Al-  
most she had known what it  
would say.

"You're not Britgit Gaye.  
You're not even Britgit Tem-  
plar."

"You're me!" And then with  
a gusty macabre chuckle it  
said, "You're a thief, a thief!"

There was no Nurse Ellen  
to answer her frantic ringing.  
She sobbed aloud and pressed  
her finger on the bell again  
and again.

But when at last Aunt Anna-  
bel, breathless and distressed,  
arrived she had regained con-  
trol of herself. A voice in the  
chimney. She had imagined it.  
It had been a nightmare in  
the daytime.

"I'm so sorry," she apologised  
to Aunt Annabel. "I woke with  
a nightmare. I'm as bad as  
Nicky. Where are the chil-  
dren?"

"Prissie's bathing them.  
They'll be down to say good-  
night. How cold and gloomy  
it is in here. I'll put on the  
lights."

"Isn't it early for the chil-  
dren to go to bed?"

"A little, but Prissie's going  
out, you remember? She has  
to have time to dress. She's  
so excited. If Guy is really  
going to become serious about  
her we must find out something  
of her background. There's  
this old aunt in Putney. I  
shall make it my business to

call on her. But there! As  
long as Guy is happy, I won't  
let Saunders interfere!"

The bravado in Aunt Anna-  
bel's voice sounded a little  
tremulous in the gloom. Britgit  
wanted to reassure her, but  
Renoir, the color of dusk, swept  
in with his dignity and in-  
solence, and Aunt Annabel was  
already happy again, gathering  
him into her arms.

Then she suddenly muttered  
into Renoir's fur, "Oh, my  
darling, have I betrayed you?"  
and hurried from the room.

Britgit could find no explana-  
tion for that cryptic utterance.

When Fergus arrived she  
didn't burst into tears. At  
least, thank goodness, she didn't  
do that, but she found herself  
unable to say a single word to  
him. For his plane had been  
delayed and he was three hours  
late. Guy, who was not flying  
planes, but simply coming  
home from the city, had not  
arrived at all.

"But it was only fog, I tell  
you," Fergus kept saying. He  
gently undid her clinging fin-  
gers.

think I'll take a look at that  
hole."

"You can't. It's been covered  
up. The carpenters were here  
today. It couldn't have been  
left like that with the children.  
Not that Nicky would go near  
that wardrobe. He's terrified  
of it. He still believes that  
Clementine lives in it."

"Clementine?"

"Yes, darling Clementine.  
Now don't ask me who she is.  
I only wish I knew. But I'm  
beginning to be like Nicky and  
believe in her existence, what-  
ever she is, a real person or  
just a malicious evil spirit."

Fergus looked at her a  
moment, pondering, then he  
said suddenly, "Poor little  
Prissie. I must go and see if  
she's worrying about Guy,"  
and left the room.

Was he impatient with her  
for what he would consider  
was her increasing neuroticism?  
Britgit gave a despairing sigh.  
This was the night that she was  
to have told Fergus that she  
was getting better, that she  
could walk again. They were  
to have been so happy and  
jubilant.

Prissie, sitting alone in the  
nursery, was finishing a let-



"It isn't fog with Guy,"  
Britgit said bleakly.

"What, isn't Guy home yet?  
But, darling, surely there's  
nothing exceptional about him  
having a night out?"

"On any other night, no.  
But this was the night he was  
to have gone out with Prissie,  
if you remember. She's wait-  
ing for him. She's wearing her  
new dress. And Guy had been  
counting the hours until to-  
night. I know."

Fergus looked round.

"Where's Nurse Ellen?"  
"She had an accident. She  
broke her ankle." Briefly  
Britgit related the details.

Listening, Fergus' face  
seemed to close. It was the  
first time, Britgit realised, that  
he had withdrawn from her  
into thoughts she could not in-  
terpret.

"Sweetheart!" he said, feel-  
ing for her hand.

But now, in an uncontrol-  
lable, nervous reaction, she  
snatched her hand away.

"Oh, do something, Fergus.  
Why doesn't somebody do  
something?"

"Guy will turn up," he said,  
"It's only ten o'clock. If he  
isn't here by morning we can  
start some inquiries."

"Last night we said that  
about Nurse Ellen," Britgit told  
him solemnly.

"Well, Guy wouldn't fall  
down a hole that he knew  
about. As a matter of fact I

ter. She had been crying and  
there were still the marks of  
tears on her cheeks. She wore  
the dress she had made. She  
looked very slim and small.

But there was nothing  
childish in her face or in her  
narrow shoulders rising from  
the glowing silk. They had  
a maturity and sophistication  
that rivalled that in the por-  
trait of Britgit's mother on  
the staircase. The tight-waisted,  
full-skirted dress, made with  
clever success, was full of se-  
duction.

But Prissie was alone and  
had only her forlorn letter  
for company.

"What can have happened  
to Guy?" she wrote. "I have  
done nothing, said nothing  
... I even kissed him, although  
I hated it. His disappearance  
worries me terribly. I'm  
frightened."

She paused a moment, her  
dark eyes full of anxiety, then  
determinedly she continued,  
"But I'm sure he's all right. I  
refuse to brood about him.  
Isn't it a joke about what I  
found this morning!"

There was a tap at the door.  
Was it Guy at last? Prissie  
hastily closed her writing-pad  
and called, "Come in."

It was Fergus who stood in  
the doorway. He was still in  
his flying uniform and he  
stood straight and tall, his fair  
hair shining, his eyes resting  
on Prissie suddenly full of ad-  
miration.

Prissie stood up slowly, wip-  
ing away the last traces  
of her tears childishly with the  
back of her hand.

She did not want to cry  
any more, even for Guy, al-  
though she was still frightened  
for him. For in that dazzling  
instant she knew why she had  
really come to the Templar  
family. Deny it as she would  
she had been in love with  
Fergus from the first moment.

Looking at him standing  
there, tall and lean, his brown  
face creased with laughter  
lines, his blue eyes shining,  
she knew that at last she had  
found a person worthy of her  
love. Everything now had a  
goal.

"You're very grand," Fer-  
gus said admiringly.

Prissie held out her wide  
skirt.

"Do you like it? Do you  
think I'm clever?" Now her  
face was glowing with anima-  
tion, all her fears about Guy  
resolutely pushed aside.

"Very clever. But hungry,  
too, I expect."

"Yes, I am," Prissie admitted.  
"Guy hasn't turned up yet.  
Isn't he a stinker? After me  
going to all this trouble, too."

"What do you think has  
happened to him?" Fergus  
asked casually.

"I haven't the least idea. I  
don't know much about his  
habits except that he's inclined  
to drink rather too much at  
times. I expect he's got lured  
somewhere with some friends."

"I expect so, too," Fergus  
agreed. "Anyway, he's not at  
the bottom of the wardrobe."

Prissie shivered. "Don't talk  
of that. It was horrible."

Fergus looked at Prissie's  
face. She couldn't decide  
whether he was studying it or  
thinking about something en-  
tirely different. Then sud-  
denly he touched her lightly  
under the chin.

"I'm hungry, too," he said.  
"And all this glamor of yours  
is too much to waste. Shall we  
go out and have a really won-  
derful dinner at somewhere  
very smart?"

Prissie clapped her hands in  
delight. "I'd love it," she whis-  
pered.

They came into see Britgit  
before they went. Prissie's  
face was solemn and deferen-  
tial.

"Mrs. Gaye, do you mind  
terribly?" she asked in her  
soft, eager voice. "Poor Fergus  
hasn't eaten since breakfast  
and, as you know, rations are  
short here. Anyway, I think  
Mrs. Hatchett has gone to  
bed."

"What an excellent idea!"  
Britgit exclaimed. Did her voice  
sound quite spontaneous and  
sincere? They were so heart-  
breakingly attractive, the two  
of them standing there. "If  
Guy comes in, I'll tell him it's  
no more than he deserves."

Fergus came swiftly over to  
the bed to kiss her. "Sleep  
well, poppet," he whispered.

Then they were gone and  
all the life had vanished from  
the room. It was a dead,  
empty place and she switched  
off the bedside light so that  
in the complete darkness its  
emptiness did not matter.  
Even she herself was not  
there, but just a part of the  
darkness.

If Fergus no longer loved  
her it would be pleasant to be  
come one with the peaceful,  
quiet darkness.

In the morning Guy had  
still not come home. Now it  
appeared that he had not been  
at the office where he worked  
at any stage the previous day,  
but they reported a telephone  
call from him saying that he  
would be away for a few days.

Uncle Saunders was furious.  
He stood in Britgit's room,  
seeming to fill it with his bulk.  
"The young scoundrel never  
had any thought for anyone  
else. Born selfish, that's what

he was. His mother all over.  
He shall hear about this from  
me when he turns up again.  
Putting us to all this worry.  
Standing up a pretty girl like  
Prissie, though from what I  
hear she did all right for her-  
self last night. They didn't  
get in until after midnight, the  
pair of them. Don't you mind,  
Britgit? Don't you think your  
husband is a bit too handsome  
to be trusted?"

It was no use being angry  
with him. In any case, Britgit's  
painful, difficult courage was  
foremost in her again. She  
knew now that, crazy as it may  
seem, she had to carry out her  
plan. First, in secret, she had to  
practise walking until she was  
reasonably strong. Then she  
had to investigate what, to her,  
seemed the heart of the mat-  
ter. The mystery of Clemen-  
tine.

If Fergus was falling in love  
with Prissie, that could not be  
due to Clementine, neither  
could Guy's disappearance, nor  
Nurse Ellen's accident, nor  
the work of the blackmailer.  
Reason told her that the ner-  
vous state to which her illness  
had reduced her and Nicky's  
constant state of concealed  
terror were giving her this  
obsession.

But her obsession was  
stronger than reason. It told  
her that first and foremost the  
riddle of Clementine had to  
be solved.

When she was alone after  
Fergus had left that morning  
(he went reluctantly, saying  
that he would telephone from  
Rome that night — he even  
held her in a hard, desperate  
embrace as if he really loved  
her, and bated the way his  
admiration for Prissie was  
growing), she cautiously got  
out of bed and practised her  
slow, tottering steps.

Gradually, as she gained  
confidence, her spirits rose. It  
seemed incredible to her that  
she had been able to refrain  
from telling Fergus of this  
miracle — had she been half-  
afraid he would not welcome  
it, that it was now going to  
be much more convenient for  
him to have a bed-ridden wife?

No, she would not think  
those bitter thoughts. She  
would secretly grow strong and  
well. She would sit before the  
mirror and assure herself that  
she had regained her beauty.  
Then she would fight Prissie  
proudly on an equal basis.

When Doctor Brown called  
unexpectedly, she found her-  
self observing the same secrecy  
with him. She answered his  
questions in monosyllables, yes,  
she was feeling well in herself,  
yes, she was sleeping, and no,  
she did not wish another nurse  
to be sent at present. She was  
being cared for very well.

Another nurse would upset  
her plans, wouldn't she? Any-  
way, she had a feeling that  
it would be disloyal to Nurse  
Ellen, who had cared for her  
with genuine friendliness as  
well as skill. Nurse Ellen, Doc-  
tor Brown said, was progress-  
ing nicely and had recovered  
from the shock of her fall.

"She was luckier than me,"  
Britgit could not help observ-  
ing.

"Your cases are very dis-  
similar," Doctor Brown  
answered.

Of course they were dissim-  
ilar in everything but that they  
had been accidents. Odd, un-  
expected accidents. Not the  
kind that killed, but the kind  
that crippled.

But those thoughts, too, were  
strictly not allowed. She had  
to concentrate on one thing  
only, and that was to walk.

She got Prissie to unpack  
her clothes that afternoon.  
They had been left in the

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ALL characters in the serials  
and short stories which  
appear in The Australian  
Women's Weekly are fictitious,  
and have no reference to any  
living person.

suitcase ever since they had been brought up from the country. They had been meant for her to go home in, but as yet they hadn't been needed. Her grey alpaca coat, her brogues, a fine-wool jumper and skirt, nylon stockings, a yellow tam o' shanter that Fergus liked.

Prissie did as she was asked, but this time she did not attempt to disguise the pity in her eyes.

"That coat needs pressing," she said. "Oh, well, I suppose it doesn't matter."

"It does matter," Brigit said in a light, pleasant voice. "Ask Mrs. Hatchett or Lorna to do it."

"Why, I'll do it myself, Mrs. Gaye." Prissie was obviously humoring an invalid suffering from a chronic ailment.

"That's kind of you, Prissie, but it seems to me you're doing too much already."

"Not really. I'd rather be busy today, anyway. It takes my mind off Guy. Where could he have got to? You're his sister, Mrs. Gaye. You ought to know his haunts. Where do you think he is?"

The fear was in Prissie's eyes again. It had come and gone last night, but today it was there almost all the time. Brigit had not seen her frightened before. She had, at times, had some intense secret excitement, but never fear.

For some reason Brigit found this fact increased her own uneasiness. Had something happened between Prissie and Guy that would drive him away? If he had known about the second blackmail letter, that might have led him to seek some hiding place. But he hadn't known. Aunt Annabel swore he hadn't.

"I haven't any idea, Prissie," she answered. "Guy didn't tell me his secrets. Did he tell you them?"

"None at all." Prissie met Brigit's inquiry with a direct gaze from her frightened dark eyes. "I didn't know he had any. I thought—" Suddenly her voice trembled with incipient tears. She turned abruptly away.

"You thought he cared for

Continuing . . .

## Darling Clementine

[from page 41]

you," Brigit said gently. As usual her treacherously soft heart had taken command and she had forgotten Prissie's glowing pleasure at Fergus' company last night. Could she seriously care about Fergus if she could weep for Guy?

"I hadn't done anything to hurt him," Prissie sobbed. "Truly I hadn't."

"No one's suggesting you had," Brigit said. "Don't worry, dear. Guy's a strange, moody person. He'll walk in at any time. There's nothing wrong at his office, Uncle Saunders says, so there's no reason for him to disappear."

"N-no," muttered Prissie. She seemed to brighten as she hung up Brigit's clothes.

"There," she said, straightening the coat on the hanger. "You'll be wearing these again in no time." Her voice indicated that she was once again speaking to a hopeless invalid.

"In no time at all," said Brigit cheerfully. And then, she thought to herself, I'll find out not only about Clementine and other things, but why Prissie has this guilty fear about Guy's disappearance. Although, of course, by then Guy would be back again and would have explained everything.

While Brigit waited for Fergus' telephone call that evening, another one came for Prissie. Brigit heard her voice, low but sharp and clear, from the hall.

"Didn't I tell you not to ring me here! Please remember that this time!" The receiver was slammed down and Prissie's high heels went tapping angrily away.

The caller may have been the sick aunt in Putney, but the greater possibility was that an attractive, diverse little person like Prissie had other men friends. Indeed, thought Brigit suddenly, that would be exactly what it was. Guy had discovered that she had another friend and was playing a double game, so in disgust and

despair he had left her. It would be the tortuous way his mind would work.

"I'll teach her a lesson," he would say to himself. "She'll think she isn't going to get the Templar money after all."

But the thought of losing what she coveted might bring chagrin and disappointment to her eyes, not fear.

Fergus' call came through at last and Brigit felt the familiar sensation of pleasure at the sound of his voice. Oh, would she never recover from this foolishness of love. Even the clipped, brisk voice Fergus used on the telephone reduced her to this sweet trembling weakness.

"Guy back?"

"No, he isn't."

"No news of him?"

"None at all, but Uncle Saunders said if anything had happened to him we would have heard by now, and if he's all right he wouldn't thank us to interfere."

"That's exactly what I think," came Fergus' brisk, unemotional voice. "Is everything else all right?"

"Yes, thank you."

"You?" Did his voice grow warmer or was it deterred by the knowledge of so many miles of telegraph wire between them?

"Oh, I'm fine."

"Prissie?"

"She's upset about Guy."

"I know. She was last night. I tried to get it out of her."

"Get what out of her?"

"How much she cared for him, of course." (Had that been impersonal or very personal curiosity on Fergus' part? A picture of them sitting side by side in the restaurant, the waiters deferential as to a pair of lovers, flashed into Brigit's mind. She could see Prissie laughing up at Fergus. She could almost hear her saying in her light, laughing voice, "Oh, Guy. He's sweet, of course . . .")

"She hadn't much to say,"

Fergus went on. "We'll talk about it tomorrow, darling."

He was on the verge of hanging up. Brigit longed desperately to keep his voice in her ears.

"Did you have a good trip?"

"Reasonable. Darling, this call is a little expensive—"

"Fergus, hurry home."

"I always do." His voice deepened to a warmer note.

"You know I always do."

After the sound had ceased, Brigit still cradled the receiver against her cheek, trying to retain its magic. Prissie, in her red jumper, flashed into the room and said eagerly,

"Oh, was that Fergus?" before she could stop herself.

Brigit put the receiver down.

"Yes. He was asking after you."

It came as naturally as a flower opening. Then her lashes drooped.

"That was nice of him," she said primly.

"He seems to think you care a good deal about Guy," Brigit said deliberately.

"He's quite right, too. I do. More than he thinks. Oh, why doesn't that fool boy come home!"

THE moment of

Prissie's flowering had gone. Had it been for Fergus or Guy? Fergus, undoubtedly. Brigit sighed and moved her toes surreptitiously. She still refused to be defeated.

In her room, Prissie wrote, "I had to unpack her clothes and hang them up this afternoon. Just a whim, of course. Perhaps she thinks looking at outdoor clothes will bring her nearer to wearing them. What a hope, poor thing. But I wish Guy would come home. I have this awful feeling that something has happened. You know that I'm not in love with him—how could I be? And as for Fergus, you know that, too. Didn't I tell you?"

Aunt Annabel stood just within Brigit's door. She was trying to conceal something in

her hand. She was also trying to smile, but was quite unsuccessful in preventing the trembling of her lips. Her eyes held a look of shocked disbelief.

"Aunt Annabel, what is it?" Brigit demanded. "Not Guy?"

"No, not Guy, dear. There's still no news from him."

"Then what—Oh! You've got a letter."

"It says I stole the money," she burst out in a quavering voice. "From my cats!"

"Show me," whispered Brigit.

Aunt Annabel came forward slowly with the shameful scrap of paper. This time the message was impertinent and vulgar. It said:

You silly old geezer, did you think I wouldn't know where you got that fifty pounds. You robbed the cats' home and what will the committee say when they find out. You'd better send me another fifty pounds to stop their finding out. The same way and pronto.

"But how does he know?" Aunt Annabel asked. "Is he a magician, do you think?"

"How do you know it's a him?" Brigit asked cryptically.

"Why, you don't imagine a woman—but his name is George. I never heard of a woman called George."

"It could be short for Georgina. It could even be short for Clementine."

"But, darling, Clementine and George—oh, I see. An assumed name. Of course. He would. I mean she would. Oh, darling, do you really think a woman could do a horrid thing like this? Why, women usually adore cats."

"I'm not saying it's a woman," Brigit said patiently. "I'm only mentioning that we have no way yet of knowing its sex. All I can say is that it is someone who has ways of knowing what goes on in this house."

"Yes, like a spy. I quite see that," Aunt Annabel ran her hands through her hair, increasing its storm-tossed appearance. "Darling, this is so awful. I've only been treasurer one day and now they'll say already that I'm a thief. I only borrowed the money."

Brigit reached for her hand.

"I know you did. Dear Aunt Annabel. You were helping Guy and me. That's what you must explain when you tell Uncle Saunders."

"Tell Saunders?" Aunt Annabel backed away. "Oh, no, I couldn't do that. Besides, he's had news this morning that has upset him."

"What news?" Brigit demanded sharply.

"I don't know, dear. Something that came in the mail. He clapped his hand to his head like this." Aunt Annabel pressed her own plump one against her forehead and cried, "I'm ruined! Ruined! Then he got up from the breakfast table and disappeared. I think he's in his study, but I don't dare disturb him. You know how he is when he's worried."

"Yes, I do," said Brigit, remembering Uncle Saunders' terrifying black rages directed against the whole world.

"Oh, dear! And now I'm worrying you and it's so bad for you. Well, there's only one thing." Aunt Annabel's voice became more brisk. "I shall have to borrow some more money."

"No, Aunt Annabel. You can't do that."

"But, dear, we're not in the red yet," Aunt Annabel looked proud of her knowledge of modern banking jargon. "We have over two hundred pounds."

"Don't you see that that's only going from bad to worse?" Brigit said worriedly.

"Yes, I do. I quite see that. These letters will keep on coming until we are paupers. But what can we do?"

"I don't know," said Brigit slowly. "But I have a plan. I hadn't meant to try it quite so soon, but I think it will have to be today. Don't do anything about that letter until this evening. By that time—"

"Yes, dear?"

"I'll perhaps know a little more."

"Darling, this plan?" Aunt Annabel's face was full of worry. "Is it dangerous?"

"Now, sweetie, what could

To page 44

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F 367A



## BLOSSOM TIME

The symbol of spring is blossom. Every gardener should plant at least one flowering tree to signal winter's passing. Now is the time to plant. Blossom trees are easy to grow, and they give their yield quickly. In coastal areas beware of pest and disease.

IN three or four years you will be rewarded with a fine display, and for the ensuing 20 or 30 years will grow better with each season.

There are many different sorts of blossom trees—apricots, almonds, peaches, plums, cherries, and crab apples—which will give a succession of bloom from July to October.

When planting flowering trees, choose the place carefully, remembering that they will be with you a long time.

Though they are hardy, they prefer not to be moved, because a certain amount of root damage is unavoidable.

Plant them where they can be seen and enjoyed from house or terrace.

Crab apples, or cherries, which are comparatively light growing and well shaped, make fine specimen trees in lawns, especially the exquisite weeping forms which nurserymen have developed in recent years. The special weeping wood is budded high up on the stock, pruned to form a single trunk.

### GARDENING

Flowering trees look effective planted in a row along a border fence or drive. They are seen to best advantage against a background of evergreens for contrast.

All the flowering trees like an open, well-drained situation, sheltered from wind to save the blossom from boisterous spring westerlies.

Allow each tree plenty of room to develop with the mildest pruning so as not to spoil the natural form.

Dig the holes big enough to accommodate all roots spread about without cramping, and cover only with good top soil. Never allow the roots to dry out before planting.

Water each tree well after planting to settle the soil around the roots.

First flower tree to bloom is the apricot, *Prunus mume*, which becomes a mass of sweetly scented double blooms as early as late June or early July. It is available in red, pink, and white.

Next comes the almond, *Prunus amygdalus*. The variety *Pollardii*, a large, single, pale pink almond which flowers in late July or early August, makes a wonderful display in Adelaide.

The early peaches follow close behind the almond. They are hardy and fast growing,

**WHITE PEACH (left)** grows 12 or 15 feet high, but it can be kept in check by hard pruning. This improves the flowering because the blossom is borne on new shoots.

**ABOVE:** Brilliantly colored flowering peach trees shelter spring bulbs in Wahroonga Park, N.S.W., which is noted for its beauty in blossom time. **Below:** A flowering almond, which has beautiful, large flowers. The almond grows about 15 feet high.



**CHERRY TREES** bloom last in the flowering tree schedule. The trees grow 12 feet and their shape is more attractive if not pruned.



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varying in color from white, through pink, to red, the flowers being double and produced in dense masses. As well, there are mid-season and late peaches which bloom in September.

The plums also flower in early spring, with colors ranging from palest pink to deep rose. They come in single and double forms. They are hardy and fast growing and most have bronze or purplish foliage.

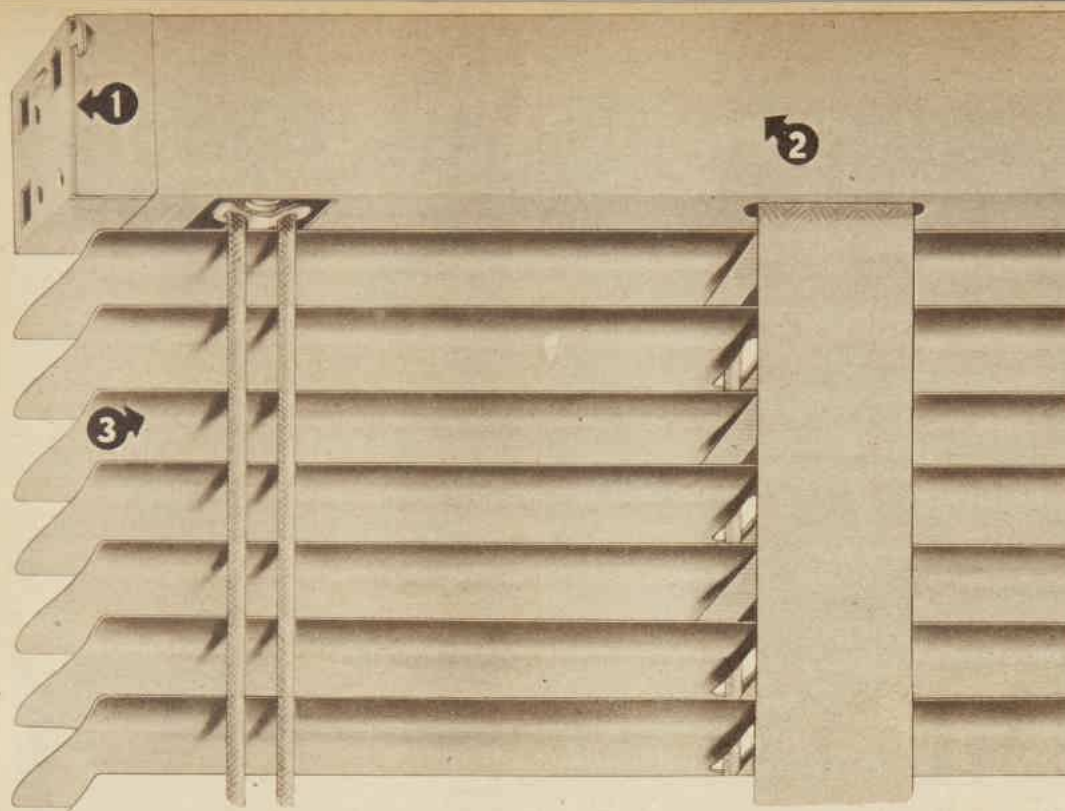
*Prunus blirciana* grows to about 12 feet and has double, rose-colored flowers and rich, metallic foliage. *P. moseri* is a paler pink. *P. pissardii nigra* grows to 15 feet and has single, pink flowers and rich, bronzy foliage. *P. sinensis flore pleno* is a dwarf form growing to about four feet. Its flowers are double and there are pink and white types.

The plums have a beautiful twiggy form which is ruined if the trees are pruned. Prune sparingly after flowering—only when strictly necessary.

The Chinese crab, *Malus spectabilis*, is a tall, erect species. The red buds open to semi-double, fragrant, pink flowers. The small fruit is reddish yellow.

The Japanese flowering crab, *M. floribunda*, is probably the most handsome of all the crabs. It grows into a small, rounded tree. The carmine buds change to pink, then white on opening to the single blooms.

The Japanese flowering cherries are also hardy and do well in many climates. Reaching 12 feet to 15 feet, they produce exquisite flowers in late spring and have magnificently colored autumn foliage.



## How many extra quality points can you see in this Kirsch venetian?

Check these Kirsch quality points against the claims of all other venetian blind manufacturers. No other brand can offer so much as Kirsch. Is it any wonder that Kirsch has been acknowledged for years as the best venetian money can buy?

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**3.** Only Kirsch has the S-shaped slat—a shape perfected in America to give greater strength and better glare diffusion. The S-shape gives you more light with more privacy and less glare than any other shaped slat. Test this yourself next time you see a Kirsch blind.

**4.** Kirsch mechanism is smooth and efficient. Blinds are easily raised and lowered and can be locked with a gentle sideways movement of the cord. They unlock just as easily. No hauling and jerking. Slats tilt noiselessly.

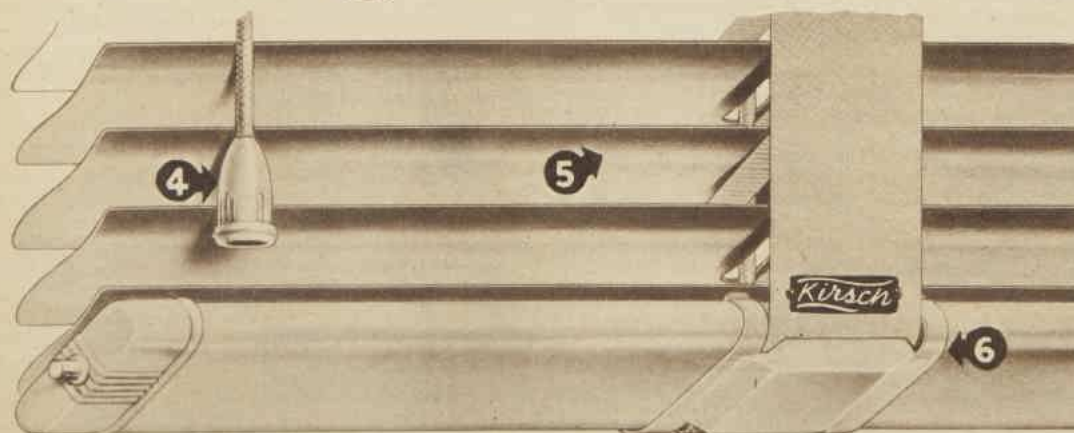
**5.** Kirsch venetians come in a range of pastel colours as well as ivory and white. Kirsch suggests you choose a neutral colour that will blend with any future changes you make. Remember — a Kirsch venetian is a lifetime purchase.

**6.** Enclosed headmember and bottom rail give neat finish to the blind. Under the metal clips that hold the tapes in place is a reserve of tape for slight adjustment to the depth of the blind. Your Kirsch blinds will never have that "half-mast" look.



# Kirsch

The venetian with the "S" shaped slat  
is a product of WORMALD BROTHERS INDUSTRIES



## Continuing . . . . . Darling Clementine

from page 42

be dangerous to a cripple lying in bed? Run along and feed your cats and don't worry."

"I'll try not to. But my poor darlings, I'm afraid, are on bread and milk today. Saunders won the housekeeping money this week and we're all on short rations and no one's at all happy."

Brigit took care to give Prissie instructions to take the children out that afternoon. It seemed to her that Prissie looked relieved, as if she had been afraid she might have had to stay in.

"But what about you, Mrs. Gaye?" she asked. "Mrs. Temple is going out to a meeting, I think."

"Oh, I'll be all right. If I want anything, Mrs. Hatchett will get it for me."

But privately she was thinking that it would do her good to get out of the house, too, and her heart began to beat rapidly from excitement and nervousness.

Would she be able to manage it? Was she strong enough? In another day or two days would have been much better, but events did not wait for the gathering of her strength.

This morning, during the hour when she was supposed to rest, with drawn curtains, she had walked to the window and back six times. Then she had sat at the dressing-table and studied the slightly ghostly person in the mirror. She had lost weight and was very pale. Beside Prissie, with her glowing vitality, she must indeed have seemed a poor washed-out creature.

But that was over now. She could be glowing and vital, too. She would show them. Tonight she would show them.

Everything went as planned. Prissie, still with that lurking look of fear in her eyes, left the house first, and later Aunt Annabel, who seemed to have recovered her good spirits, said she would go part of the way with them. Who knew, they might find a kitten in distress on the way?

Sarah instantly began to miaow plaintively and Brigit could hear Nicky saying earnestly that he liked kittens much better than toads.

Uncle Saunders, looking like thunder, had departed noisily for the city some time ago. Lorna, the maid, was having her afternoon off. So only Mrs. Hatchett was left in the house and she was probably in the warm kitchen dozing and expecting Brigit to be dozing, too.

Brigit had two clear hours before anyone was likely to come to her room. That should be time enough.

As soon as Aunt Annabel's and the children's voices had died away she got stealthily out of bed and began to dress in the clothes that Prissie had unpacked for her yesterday. She felt weak and a little dizzy, but it was surprising and reassuring how being dressed in daytime clothes made her feel once more a normal, self-respecting person.

When she was completely

dressed, with hat and shoes on, she had to sit down for a few minutes to rest. Although she was so eager to be on her way she must take things quietly and not become so exhausted that she collapsed on Mr. George Smith's doorstep.

Or was it Miss Clementine Smith's doorstep? Soon she would know.

On her slow, careful way through the hall she collected one of Uncle Saunders' walking-sticks. This aided her progress and she was able to go out at the front door and negotiate the steps without accident.

Excitement at this achievement temporarily banished her feeling of weakness. She hailed a conveniently passing taxi and, safely ensconced inside it, gave the driver her destination. The house in Hammer-smith. The abode of the blackmailer.

What did she expect to find there? Brigit could not have said, except that she had this overwhelming intuition that that was the place where the answer to all the mystery lay, and it would be plain there for her to see.

It was a thin slice of a house, standing with one wall bare to the ruined shell of a bombed house. It was also, an apartment house with the names of the occupants inserted in slots beside the front door.

With no clear plan as to what she would do if the name "Mr. George Smith" were really written there, bringing to life a person who should be only a figment of someone's imagination, Brigit asked the taxi driver to wait and climbed out. Now she could scarcely stand.

The driver made a move to come and help her, but she waved him back. She would be all right when she got to the top of the steps. It was only her violently beating heart that made her dizzy. At this stage she must not collapse.

The front door was open slightly. Brigit clung to it as she read the names in the slots. Miss Emmeline Collard, Mr. James Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Clare.

No George Smith. No Clementine. But she hadn't really expected there to be. They wouldn't flaunt their names openly. They would hide behind a name like Emmeline or Jacques.

She would ring Miss Emmeline Collard's bell first. She would say, "Clementine told me to come," and watch the woman's face. She would go on then, "You don't know Clementine? Then you know her husband, George Smith?"

It was all quite absurd, the reasoning, Fergus would say, that one could expect of a woman. But if the Collard woman expressed nothing but astonishment she could go on to Mr. James Hunter and then to the Clares, although she

To page 45

## Luxury in the desert

EACH year eleven million tourists flock to Las Vegas, gambling town of America's "Golden West," where Lady Luck beckons 24 hours a day.

Everything is done in a hurry—losing money, winning money, or getting married. Blatant street signs call attention to wedding chapels offering wedding ceremonies any hour of the day or night.

The luxury hotels "in the desert" just outside the town have their own comfortable, air-conditioned gambling rooms, where a player can win or lose £100,000 in a night.

A long picture-story of Las Vegas is included in the current issue of A.M.

not think a married couple  
into the picture.

Her finger was on the bell,  
her heart was beating suffocatingly  
again, making her head  
throb. She leaned a little  
towards the door for support,  
and it swung in slightly  
so that she could hear voices  
within.

At first they sounded far  
away, as if she were hearing  
them inside her head. They  
were singing in a high, happy  
tune. The tune was familiar.  
What was it?

Oh, yes! "Oh, my darling,  
my darling, oh, my darling  
Clementine!"

Prissie's song! Brigit pushed  
the door wide open and  
tumbled inside. There was no  
one in sight. She stared up  
in fright at a landing  
overhead and a closed door.  
That was where the noise was  
coming from. There were  
loud thumps and shrieks as  
a lot of people were playing  
a game.

Brigit began to hurry across  
the linoleum-covered hall, leaning  
on her stick. The outline  
of the stairs wavered slightly.  
She couldn't faint now, not  
at this moment on the verge of  
recovery. She had to get to the  
top of those stairs and open the  
door. It wasn't very far.  
The floor was not so slippery

as she thought. A door opened and shut  
suddenly behind her. A man's  
voice said suddenly, "Can I  
help you? Where are you  
going?"

She couldn't see his face  
clearly. It seemed to recede  
from her into the mistiness  
of the air. She also hung over the stairs  
but she had somehow to  
climb. It was white and black,  
and that was all she could notice  
about him.

She vaguely indicated the  
stairs and his voice came again,  
"Oh, to Clementine's party."

A woman's voice suddenly  
came from upstairs on a high-  
pitched note, "Jacques, it's not  
I!" and then, in an inexplic-  
able way the house seemed to  
be full of noise, of feet run-  
ning, of shouting and scream-

ing. She was on the floor because  
she could feel the linoleum  
cold and hard beneath her.  
All the faces and bodies  
and legs round her she could  
not explain. Her last impres-  
sion seemed to be of heavy  
black eyes in a white face, and  
a stringy, black hair. Then  
there was nothing.

When she opened her eyes  
again Aunt Annabel was bend-  
ing over her. At least it  
looked like Aunt Annabel, but  
what would she be doing in  
her house? From far off  
Brigit heard a voice, and that  
was Aunt Annabel's.

"Thank goodness, dear,  
you're coming round. You  
mustn't know. Dear me,  
what a fright we've had."

Brigit blinked resolutely.  
Surely enough, it was Aunt  
Annabel's round, pale face  
with its halo of wildly flying  
hair. But what was she doing  
there?

"Aunt Annabel — you  
couldn't have brought the  
children here."

"They're not here, dear.  
They're still in the park with  
Prissie. I left them having  
such a frolic."

"But how did you get here?"  
Brigit repeated slowly and  
incomprehensibly. "I told you to do  
nothing about that letter until  
this evening. You didn't have  
to come to this house —"

Her voice faltered as she  
realised for the first time that  
she was in bed. She turned  
her head slowly, unable to be-  
lieve that it was the familiar

ALL characters in the serials  
and short stories which  
appear in The Australian  
Women's Weekly are fictitious,  
and have no reference to any  
living person.

Continuing . . . .

furniture in her own room she  
was seeing, and that here she  
lay, as usual, in the royal  
Spanish bed.

"I haven't done anything  
about the letter, as you said.  
I did wait. My dear child,  
what is it? I believe you're  
wondering a little. Look, this  
is me, Aunt Annabel. And  
you're safely back in bed."

"Back in bed!" Brigit re-  
peated.

"Yes, darling. Mrs. Hatchett  
came in and found you on the  
floor. Such a fright she got.  
She got you back somehow  
and now she's sent for the  
doctor. I came in just as this  
was happening. It's my fault,  
really. We should never have  
all gone out and left you. What  
Fergus will say I can't im-  
agine."

"But Aunt Annabel, I was  
out of bed. I was —"

"I know, dear. However  
did it happen? Do you re-  
member falling?"

"But I didn't fall. I walked.  
I've been out in a taxi. I went  
to the house in Hammersmith,  
you know the one where Mr.  
Smith is supposed to live —"

At the name, Aunt Annabel  
looked round uneasily.

"Brigit, dear, you're ro-  
mancing. I know that is the hor-  
rible Mr. Smith's address, but  
you haven't been there. You've  
only imagined it, poor soul.  
It's been on your mind and  
you've had a nightmare."

Brigit started up, but she  
was so weak and exhausted  
she had to lie back, breathing  
quickly. The very aching  
exhaustion of her body proved  
that she had had that dread-  
ful trip.

"My clothes," she said. "I  
had them on. That proves —"  
But her voice died away as  
she saw that she was clad, as  
usual, in her nightdress, and  
that the wardrobe door was  
shut on the outdoor clothes,  
which someone had taken off  
her.

Aunt Annabel smiled gently  
and patted Brigit's hand.

"Just rest, dear. The doctor  
will be here in a moment."

There was nothing to do  
but obey. Brigit closed her  
eyes, thinking that when she  
opened them she would see  
not Aunt Annabel but the  
white-and-black man called  
Jacques, and that other face,  
the one with the bright beady  
eyes and long dangling black  
hair.

Instead, she remained in her  
own bedroom and when she  
opened her eyes it was to look  
at Doctor Brown's slightly re-  
proachful face.

"And how did you come to  
fall?" he asked in his dry, pro-  
fessional voice. "Can you tell  
us? Did you actually attempt  
to get out of bed?"

"I did get out of bed,"  
Brigit announced. Her voice  
was meant to be strong and  
triumphant, but her exhaustion  
was so great that it was scarcely  
more than a whisper. "I  
walked."

"So," Doctor Brown's voice  
was completely sceptical.

"But I did, Doctor. It's quite  
true. I've been walking for  
two or three days. I was keep-  
ing it a secret to surprise my  
husband. But today I had  
some urgent business in town,  
so I got up and took a taxi."

"You dressed?"  
"Of course I did." Brigit's  
voice became impatient. "You  
don't imagine I would go out  
like this. I expect Mrs.  
Hatchett put my clothes back  
in the wardrobe when she un-  
dressed me."

"You remember collapsing?"  
"Yes, indeed. I was in this  
house full of strange people —"  
Brigit's voice died away as she  
saw the doctor's sceptical eyes.  
"And how did you get back  
here?"

## Darling Clementine

from page 44

"Why — I don't know. I  
just opened my eyes and found  
myself here, in bed."

"H-m-m!"

"But I was out, Doctor. I  
was! You can ask — well,  
the taxi driver, anyway."

Doctor Brown threw back the  
blankets. "Well, let's have a  
look at your legs, anyway."

He began his usual methodi-  
cal examination.

"Can you feel this? This?"

To Brigit's complete dismay  
she could feel nothing at all.  
She was back to the old dread-  
ful days of numbness, the doc-  
tor's fingers might not have  
existed for all she could feel  
them on her flesh. She tried  
desperately to move her toes.  
Nothing whatever happened.  
Nothing.

"But I could before!" she  
insisted. "Really, I could! I  
suppose I've done too much.  
I'll be all right when I've rested,  
Doctor, you must believe me!"

Doctor Brown gave his small,  
tight smile and, as Aunt Anna-  
bel had done, patted her hand.

"There, my dear, in your  
anxiety to walk these dreams  
become very real. You appear  
to have had a singularly vivid



one. I think a small sedative.  
Yes?"

He was now exerting all his  
bedside manner to take the  
look of white dismay from her  
face. But it was no use. He  
was not going to believe her,  
and until he or someone be-  
lieved her she knew she could  
not get well.

Because they would all finally  
convince her that she had not  
walked, and so, as in a fairy  
story, the magic gift would  
leave her . . .

"And if you had been out  
somewhere, dear," Aunt Anna-  
bel, coming back, said, "who  
do you think brought you  
back? Because you couldn't  
have walked if you were un-  
conscious."

"I don't know. Someone  
from that house. Perhaps the  
blackmailer."

"And how would he get into  
this house and into your bed-  
room? Oh, no, Brigit, dear,  
that's asking too much even for  
me to believe. And there's no-  
body else. I've been looking  
for cats, Mrs. Hatchett has been  
baking, Saunders has gone to  
the city, Prissie has had the  
children in the park — they've  
just come in now. Sarah is  
still being a cat, bless her."

"Prissie!" murmured Brigit.  
"Now you're not suggesting  
that Prissie left the children in  
the park and rushed off some-  
where to rescue you!"

"No-o. But did she have  
the children in the park? Aunt  
Annabel, ask Nicky to come  
and see me."

"You're supposed to be rest-  
ing," Aunt Annabel reproved.  
"Oh, very well, just for five  
minutes."

Nicky came in slowly. For  
a moment he looked as if he  
were afraid even of her. His  
eyes were darkened and wary.  
He stopped a little distance  
from her bed and said in a  
cautious voice, "Are you worse  
again, Mummy?"

"No, darling. I'm very well.  
Did you have a nice time in  
the park this afternoon?"

"Yes, thank you."

"What did you do?"

"We made a pile of leaves  
and pretended it was a bon-  
fire."

"Did Prissie help you?"

"No, she just watched."

"And you spent the whole  
afternoon doing that?"

"Yes," Nicky nodded his  
fair head uncertainly.

"You didn't see the little  
girl you call Clementine?"

Nicky's head turned quickly.  
What was he looking for, Pris-  
sie or the ghostly child? He  
saw that there was no one else  
in the room and he said  
loudly, "No."

"Nicky, who is Clementine?"

"She isn't anybody."

"Prissie, you shouldn't have  
said that, Nicky's so sensitive.  
And, anyway, I'm very well.  
I've even been out."

Prissie smiled tolerantly.  
"Yes, I heard about that. I'm  
so glad you didn't hurt your-  
self."

"Hurt myself?"

"When you fell out of bed,  
Mrs. Gaye."

For a moment Brigit looked  
at her desperately, weighing in  
her mind whether she should  
try at least to make Prissie  
believe in her exploits. But it  
would be no use. Prissie  
wouldn't even want to believe  
it. Somehow she knew that.

There was only one person  
who would believe her, and that  
was Fergus. He must believe  
her.

"It must have been a very  
vivid dream you had," Prissie  
went on. She opened the ward-  
robe door as if at random,  
showing Brigit's clothes hang-  
ing innocently where she had  
put them the previous day.

For a moment Brigit had a  
frantic feeling that it must all  
have been a dream, that every-  
one else was right and she  
alone wrong. Perhaps it was  
even a dream that she had got  
out of bed and walked.

"I heard people singing,"  
she said. "The strange thing  
was that they were singing that  
song of yours, 'Darling Clem-  
entine.'"

"Then that proves it," said  
Prissie gaily. "Who else would  
be singing that old-fashioned  
song, except in a dream?"

The awful thing was that  
Fergus completely agreed with  
Prissie and with everyone else.  
There was Brigit lying in bed  
helpless, quite unable to move  
her legs, even her toes. And  
yet she persisted in this com-  
pletely impossible story that  
she had got up, dressed, got a  
taxi, and taken a journey to a  
strange house in Hammersmith.

It seemed incredible that a  
thing so vivid in her own mind  
should be so impossible for  
anyone else to believe. The  
trouble was that she hadn't  
a shred of proof unless she  
could find the taxi driver who  
had taken her. He would re-  
member her, she knew.

But how could she set about  
finding him when she was in-  
deed lying helpless in bed, with  
even her newly found ability  
to move her legs deserting her.

"But I could walk, I tell  
you," she insisted to Fergus,  
whose face had that same tol-  
erant look of disbelief that  
Prissie's had had. "I had kept  
it a secret to surprise you. I  
was going to show you to-  
night. I hadn't even told the  
doctor. But now — now —"  
Her lips trembled. She tried  
uselessly to move her legs.

"Darling, don't mind it so  
much," Fergus said gently.

She grew angry then. "I do  
mind it. Because it was true.  
It was true! I dressed and put  
on my shoes and walked to the  
front door and down the  
steps."

Fergus sat on the side of the  
bed and took her hand.

"But even if this were true  
and not a daydream or wishful  
thinking or whatever the doc-  
tor attributed it to, why get  
up and go to a completely  
strange house in Ham-  
mersmith? It doesn't make sense."

"Because —" Brigit began  
and stopped. She could say no  
more. She couldn't make ex-  
planations because that would  
involve Aunt Annabel and  
Guy, and Fergus, while smil-  
ing gently and tolerantly, would  
grow inwardly sick with shame  
and dislike for her family and  
their dishonesty and cowardice.

"Well, why?" he persisted.

"You wouldn't understand,"  
she said lamely. "It was some-  
thing to do with this — this  
Clementine of Nicky's. A  
hunch I had. And there was  
the house and they were sing-

ing 'Darling Clementine.' Her  
voice grew excited as she re-  
membered.

"Who were singing 'Darling  
Clementine'?"

Her excitement faded. "I  
don't know. Some children, I  
think. But then there was  
this man —"

"What man?"

"I couldn't see him properly.  
His face was in the shadow.  
That was when I fainted."

"And you saw no one else  
at all?"

"Just the —" again she hesi-  
tated. "Oh, just someone with  
long, stringy black hair and  
black eyes — the person Nicky  
talks about —"

"You mean the pedlar  
doll?" Fergus demanded in-  
credulously.

"I don't know who it was!"  
Brigit, full of her own per-  
plexity, grew petulant.

"And then Mrs. Hatchett  
found you," Fergus said. "You  
were lying on the floor beside  
the bed in your nightgown. At  
least that's what she said, and  
she has no reason to lie about  
it. So if you had been dressed  
and out, how did you undress  
again?"

Brigit rubbed her hand over  
her eyes. Why did Fergus  
worry her with these unex-  
plainable things? Why couldn't  
he just believe her? Oh, why  
was everything so utterly  
awful?

"I'm tired," she whispered.  
"I want to sleep."

"Yes, darling, of course. Best  
thing for you."

And you'll wake up in a  
saner frame of mind, his eyes  
said. Oh, Fergus, what is this  
evil thing that is going on, this  
is separating you from me much  
more than my physical state is?  
And can't you see it happen-  
ing? Or do you want it to  
happen? Is Prissie making you  
want it to happen?

"Brigit —"

"No, Fergus." She shut her  
eyes tightly, not wanting to see  
his awareness of her sudden  
panic. "Go and see the chil-  
dren. Get Nicky to show you  
his conjuring trick. You'll find  
him more amusing than me."

"His conjuring trick?"  
"Yes. I feel it should ex-  
plain something. But I don't  
know what."

Whether her adventure that  
day had been reality or wak-  
ing dream, the voice that night  
was certainly part of a dream.  
It said with croaking malici-  
ousness, "How can you hold a man  
like Fergus when you are a  
hopeless invalid? Let him go  
free . . ."

And then, "He wants to be  
free . . . free . . ."

The word was echoing in  
her head as she started awake.  
There was no one in the room,  
of course, and now there was  
utter silence.

Outside, in the dark night,  
the moon, a slender, horned  
shape, hung lightly in the arms  
of the mulberry tree. Like a  
shining cap a jester had tossed  
off. A malicious, merciless, in-  
human jester.

Had she walked or had she  
imagined it, just as she im-  
agined the persecution of this  
evil voice which must come  
from inside her own head?  
Had she worn the clothes that  
hung innocently now in the  
wardrobe?

Was there a taxi driver in  
London who could tell a story  
of a woman walking into a tall,  
narrow, shabby house in Ham-  
mersmith and a little later  
being carried out? Or was all  
this as much imagination as  
Nicky's terror of an imaginary  
child called Clementine?

There was no one to answer  
her questions and no one to be  
on her side. She knew now,  
desolately, that she was alone.

To be concluded

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fountain trickled coolly. A little boy trailed his fingers in its basin. A dog rose and scratched itself; and the passers moved slowly away into the side streets.

Margaret shaded her eyes and waited. The bus driver inquired if she was to have been met.

"Yes, but I don't see anyone."

"Where are they coming from?"

She named the inn. "He will be late," said the driver. "He is always late, but he will be here. Sit down by the fountain."

Meekly she obeyed. The little boy stared at her. The bus driver drove away in a great clashing of gears. Margaret, left to the company of the boy, tried a conversation in carefully articulated French. It began with a question: "Where was everyone?"

"Sleeping," the little boy said, with a sensible shrug of his shoulders. It was hot. Everyone slept after lunch when it was hot.

"Till when?" asked Margaret, dismayed to learn that lunch was over.

"Till they wake up," said the boy.

"Well, then," said Margaret. She took off her red coat and laid it on the ground.

With a patting motion she invited him to join her on its comfortable folds. He accepted, and after a moment leaned against her. They slept.

It was the grating sound of wheels against cobblestones and then the sense that someone was looking at her which awoke her. The man who watched her was the handsomest she had ever seen; inappropriately so, she thought, for he looked like a fine piece of sculpture set out to burn and weather in the uncompromising sunlight.

His hair was beginning to grey, yet he was not old. He had a grave, abstracted air, as though surprised to have come in search of her and to have found her. He spoke her name. He was Henri Vallon from the inn.

"I was fishing in the river," he said, "for a great silver carp. A very lazy carp. He was in

Continuing . . .

## Hungry Heart

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no hurry to be caught, and I forgot the time."

His excuse was so gently offered she smiled. "I have had a good nap," she said, "but I'm very hungry. Will I be able to have lunch?"

He nodded.

Monsieur Vallon helped her into the cart with a sturdy lifting gesture as they moved away. As long as they rode through the village itself houses closed them in on both sides, but once it fell behind them they were swallowed up in the quiet of the countryside.

The inn could barely be seen from the road, for it was reached by a flight of stone stairs. Flowers made a wild, climbing carpet up to the steps.

Monsieur Vallon directed her up the stairs. He would put her bags in her room. He would order her lunch if she would wait on the terrace. Slowly she became aware of him again. Somehow in the radiant setting of this place he seemed more ordinary, less startling in his appearance. It was only when he smiled and said, "It will be a very good lunch," that he again seemed striking.

A very young, very thin girl took charge of Margaret on the terrace. Her English was quick and good. She led Margaret around the place, giving its full history as they walked. The house was charming. The dining-room was small, half light, half shadow. There were flowers everywhere in pots, vases, and glasses.

In the back was a tiny sitting-room with slippery black furniture covered in horsehair and with a glowing yellow rug. The walls were hung with dim little canvases in gilded frames. It was a polite, polished, Sunday kind of room.

There were four tiny guest-rooms upstairs. The one which belonged to her was white and simple except for the bouquets which stood everywhere. They were exactly the same kind of untidy ones she would have picked herself and were placed where she would have put them. (There was one balancing on the wooden window-seat.)

All this, said the girl proudly, belonged to Monsieur Vallon. She and her father worked for him and no one else. He had come here from Paris. He had owned a great house in Paris, but he never went there any more. No, he stayed quietly here, and worked in his garden and talked with his neighbors, and on Sunday he went to church.

The church was old, and it smelled very dusty, but Monsieur Vallon went every Sunday just the same. In that, as in all other things, he was perfect, said the girl. Madame could ask anyone about Monsieur Vallon and hear the same answer. He was perfect.

The thin young girl folded her arms and confided that it was strange that he was not wilder and more lively, with his handsome face. The Countess who lived in this neighborhood, and was young and vital, often said that one day, heaven willing, she would conquer him.

"She comes here very often," said the young girl, "and she is very clever."

"Monsieur Vallon," said Margaret, "sounds very kind." She did not know what else to say in the face of this effusive outpouring. "But," she added hopefully, "I have had no lunch."

The little maid looked at her coolly. She had been offering food for the spirit. However, she directed Margaret to the dining-room.

There Margaret encountered Monsieur Vallon as he came out of the kitchen carrying a covered dish.

"Do you like to eat alone?" he asked.

"No."

"Good," he said, "because I should like to watch your face when you eat this, if I may." He drew up his chair and watched her as she began. It was delicious. She said so.

"Your Miss Heldinger said it was your favorite dish. She told me many things about you."

Do you care for walking?"

"Very much."

"I should like to show you our neighborhood if you are not too tired, and then perhaps you will take a picture of me with my carp. I should like to have that great moment recorded. We have been enemies for years, that carp and I."

As they left the inn he took her arm. For the first time in her life she felt dainty and protected.

They were pleasantly silent for most of the walk. They remained so until they came in sight of a small villa. It was bright pink; it refuted the simplicity of the countryside with its artfully formal gardens.

"The Countess de Reuville," he said, "has invited you to tea."

"How did she know I was coming?"

"She reads my mail," he said. Even as he spoke a white handkerchief fluttered wildly at them from the drawing-room window. In another moment the front door was flung open and a woman's voice called out imperiously, "Henri, you have brought her?"

"As you see," he answered.

Then she appeared in the doorway. She was about the same age as Margaret, but slim as a reed. With a sense of calamity she could not explain, Margaret went to meet her.

"You may call me Monique," said the Countess, staring at her coolly.

Margaret suddenly hated her brightly colored dress. She longed for protective coloration (a dark blue silk, at least). Aloud, she said that her friends called her Maggie, and she would be pleased if . . .

The Countess did not wait to hear what would please Margaret. She had turned to Monsieur Vallon and her eyes were telling him that this one, at any rate, was no threat to her. "Come inside," said the Countess.

The drawing-room was hung in lavender silk. There were little nests of cushions and a great many pieces of flowered Dresden.

The Countess hurried them through their tea. It was plain that once she had managed a close view of the new visitor to the inn she was satisfied and no longer wished to bother. Only Monsieur Vallon would not allow himself to be bullied. He passed Margaret cakes and told her that this had been a fine old place before the Countess had turned it into a candy box.

"I left Paris for him," she pouted at Margaret. "I had a beautiful house there, but I left it all for his sake. Now all he does is criticize."

Monsieur Vallon looked at the Countess paternally. "She came because the country is good for her asthma," he said. "And now we must go."

"Another time," said Monsieur Vallon when they were outside the house, "you will find Monique better company. She is spoiled but lively. She is piquant, and here, where things are sometimes stolid, she is refreshing."

His tone was fond and indulgent. Margaret was not surprised. France and America had this, at least, in common. Men were all susceptible to the soft, clinging woman; and until this moment Margaret herself had viewed them tolerantly. They reminded her of so many surfeited house cats, over-sleek and petted, but pretty to watch.

The Countess was of the same breed, but for some reason she made Margaret feel extra large and aggressive.

She brought herself into control by asking sensible questions of Monsieur Vallon about his inn and his gardens and neighbors.

"I am afraid we shall disappoint you," said Monsieur Vallon. "May I be personal for a moment?"

"Of course," said Margaret tentatively.

"Americans who come here," he began, "expect an extra quality in everything. How shall I explain? We are over-publicised," he said at last. "We must live up to impossibilities. The air must be like wine, the peasants artful and charming; the houses quaint; the conversation full of the 'bon mot'."

"In truth, we are quite often plain, flat, and boring. In the summer we have mosquitoes and there is not enough hot water for a good bath. You will be annoyed by our fragility and shocked by some of our humor. You will find us blunt, and you will consider us romantically uninhibited. Do you think you will want to stay?"

"Yes," she said simply. They exchanged a shy smile.

"And there is no one expecting you at home?"

She had a childish desire to lie about that, but she didn't.

"Not a soul."

"Good," he said. "I'll teach you chess, but only if you're not going to run away. It must be learned slowly and played as if one had forever."

"Teach me," she said recklessly.

Before the week was out he was calling her Maggie and telling her that she had an untidy mind. She found, to her chagrin, that she could not concentrate over the long, careful intricacies of the chessboard.

She taught him pinocle instead, and in the evenings she went into the dark old kitchen and made chocolate fudge. He pronounced it excellent, and countered with an offer of marmalade in butter sauce.

"I couldn't eat them," she said, palling. "I really couldn't."

They sat together, leaning on the oak-plank table in the kitchen. Above them, strung in graceful and festive arcs, were the onions and sautages.

"But it is an experience," said Monsieur Vallon. "Don't be shy of experience. One dare not refuse snails. One refusal leads to another. I had a guest here once. She would not eat snails. Then she would not walk out in the summer rain. Then she would not dance on Sunday. Finally, she stayed in her room, and when we found her, years later"—he shrugged—"a dry leaf—a mound of ashes. There was nothing left of her."

Margaret laughed. "I'm far too substantial ever to be a mound of ashes, and I will not

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at your snails. Offer me something else."

He did. Margaret (inwardly ashamed) measured off the days by dishes. On Monday he cooked a beautiful stew with the beef bubbling gently in burgundy. On Tuesday he prepared iced leek and potato soup.

Wednesday was a lovely day full of sun and wind. They ate "pate de foie" out of a cold stone crock. Thursday they went out into the burning sun and picked asparagus from the garden, and on Friday they went fishing in the gentle river and ate gloriously from a picnic basket.

I am gaining weight disastrously, thought Margaret. The thought did not disturb her. How comfortable she was with Monsieur Vallon. How unaffectedly they spent their days together (after lunch he always napped with a large red handkerchief over his face). What a parade of bright moments she had. Monsieur Vallon had a way of distilling the quintessence of summer. The blaze of each day was like a Fourth of July; it made her feel as if she had everything in life she wanted except—

What vague and disturbing desire did she feel? She could not put a name to it unless— Had she wanted to cover him with her sweater when he lay in the grass sleeping soundly? And in the dark kitchen at night, when he grew sleepy and yawned like a child; what was it she felt then? She could not find a name for it until the day the Countess came to call.

Monsieur Vallon was not there. He had gone to the village, telling Margaret that he had some very dull business to attend to. "When it is over," he said, "I shall probably sit down with my friends and drink. They will ask me all about you. They do not want me to be a bachelor. They will undoubtedly ask me questions, and I shall answer by telling them about your wonderful chocolate candy. They will be puzzled."

"About what?" asked Margaret.

"Sometimes, my dear Maggie, I think you are not a woman at all but a child."

## Continuing . . . Hungry Heart

from page 46

Margaret blushed furiously. "You mean because we—we are alone here—because you have no other guests? But I am—"

"What are you?" he asked. She glanced down at her shoes, unable to answer.

"You won't find an answer on your shoes," he said, laughing. "At any rate, I shall bring you a surprise."

He had just turned out of the gate when the Countess came up from the garden. Daintily she shaded her eyes against the sun, and the two women stood together on the terrace and watched him ride away.

"I have just missed him," said the Countess petulantly.

"Can I give you some tea?" asked Margaret.

"No tea," she said languidly, "but I've come all the way from the chateau on foot. I must rest." She collapsed into the chair like a fan folding together. What a little space she took up. How she made Margaret feel it.

"Well," began the Countess, "and how are you getting on with Henri?"

"He has been very kind," said Margaret carefully.

"And are you in love with him yet? Your Miss Heldinger was in love with him. She wrote love poetry about him."

Margaret smiled. "She wrote love poetry before she came here," she said.

"Just the same," replied the Countess, "she loved him. She was so plain, but with my advice she might have caught him."

"Do tell," said Margaret, enjoying herself.

The Countess leaned forward and fixed her eyes on Margaret. "Some of you American women," she began, "have no understanding. You are as good as gold on the inside," she said with reckless generosity, "but on the outside, mon Dieu!" She shook her head despairingly.

"I see," said Margaret solemnly. "Miss Heldinger was plain and I am plump, and you are quite safe from the likes of us."

"Not from you. You have

charm. You are good-natured. If you were to get thin—"

The Countess looked at Margaret appraisingly. "If you were thin you might be very pretty."

"Then I might get thin," said Margaret boldly, "because I like Monsieur Vallon very much."

"No little cakes?" queried the Countess. "No cream? No goose liver or jam? You could never do it. At night you would not dream of love but of hot chocolate. No, you will go away, and Henri will remember you as the nice American who loved to eat."

"I am not being rude, you understand, only honest. Men are such fools, really," she added in a confiding tone. "They understand only the obvious. It's a pity, but Henri is no different."

Neither am I, thought Margaret airily. I want him to pay attention to me. I want to be flattered and admired, and I'm going to be. Aloud she said, "I've enjoyed our little talk."

Inwardly a great resolution had formed. She would diet! Monsieur Vallon would sit up and take notice.

At four o'clock, when the little maid appeared with tea and said, "Monsieur Vallon said you were to have a good tea," Margaret shook her head.

"Take it away," she said. "I'm not having tea."

"Are you ill?" asked the little maid.

The tiny blueberry muffins almost swam before Margaret's eyes. "No," she said weakly, "but I shall not be taking tea."

And when Monsieur Vallon came back bearing a bottle of wine from his friend's famous vintage grapes, Margaret shook her head and said, "You drink it."

At dinner she ate one small slice of veal and her salad. The delicate puff-paste dessert went untouched, as did the hot bread and butter. Later, they sat on the terrace.

Margaret tried desperately to listen as he told her of the day's visit. Another time she would have found him charming, but now she found she could think only of muffins (small and slightly sweet).

"You are not listening, and you are behaving very strangely," said Henri.

"I am very tired tonight," she said. "Will you excuse me?"

Alone in her room Margaret wrestled with herself. It was only two steps to the kitchen. What a companionable cup of coffee they could have together (and she would have two rolls spread with cheese). Desperately she climbed into her bed and sat there huddled and miserable. This is only the first

*"The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds; and the pessimist fears this is true."*

—James Branch Cabell.

day, she thought. There are twelve hours until breakfast.

A vision of the Countess (nasty thin little thing) arose before her, mocking her. For love, she told herself urgently, all for love; but what the Countess had said was true. All night long she dreamed of chocolate, thick, rich, and beautiful, steaming in a giant cup . . .

She awoke with a headache. And for the first time in her life she was cross in the morning. Monsieur Vallon did not seem nearly as attractive to her as the omelette he was eating.

"It is settled," thought Margaret. "I am a glutton. I can sit opposite a man I am attracted to and envy him every mouthful. I can hate the sight of him eating butter. I am lost."

"Maggie," asked Monsieur

Vallon, "what has made you angry?"

"I am always cross in the mornings," she said. "Always."

"Ah. Well, after breakfast I will go into the kitchen and pack a hamper. Then I will take you to the most delightful garden outside of Eden, and you won't be cross any longer."

The hamper, thought Maggie, would be filled with cold ham and country cheese. "I can't," she said abruptly. "I've neglected my correspondence. My family will be quite worried about me."

Monsieur Vallon leaned across the table towards her. "I am worried about you."

"Thank you very much," she said almost bitterly. She wanted him to leave the room; not so that she could resort to tears, but so that she could drink three more cups of coffee in rapid succession and fill that dreadful void inside her.

"If you're sick," he began again, "you would not hesitate to tell me? You are not shy about yourself with me?"

"I am not sick," said Margaret. "I am a fool."

He did not answer, but composed himself gravely to listen. How gentle his expression was; how understanding. "If I were not so hungry," thought Margaret, "what a rush of feelings I would be having about him now."

"Well," she said decisively, "there's no point in being coy, and I can see plainly that I have no will power whatsoever, so you might as well have a good laugh out of it."

"What is it?" he asked quietly.

"I love to eat," said Margaret. "I have always loved to eat. What everybody back home didn't understand was that I didn't mind being plump, because I'd never met anyone who made me care the least bit about myself—in a romantic way. I never expected to, really. Anyway, when I'm well fed I'm quite a nice person. I have a good disposition."

"Charming," said Monsieur Vallon feelingly.

"Let me finish. The minute I came here everything got

mixed up. Here you are quite the most attractive man I'd ever had anything to do with, and here is the most wonderful cooking I've ever eaten, and all our lovely days together, and me getting fatter and fatter and making it impossible for you to think of me as anything but—"

"Stop," said Monsieur Vallon loudly; "that's enough."

"But I'm not through," said Margaret unhappily, "because you haven't heard the worst of it. I decided to try to give up good cooking. You might as well know it was for your sake. But it won't work. I don't like you half so much when I'm hungry," she wailed. "In fact, I don't like you at all!"

"Wonderful," said Monsieur Vallon, "Maggie, you are wonderful!" He took her hand firmly between his. "You are so honest. So genuine. I knew it when I saw you asleep in the square with that little boy resting in your lap."

"When I saw you like that I was very glad you were coming home with me. I was very anxious to keep you here. All those good dishes were presents from me to you, and if you stayed and liked me as much as I liked you I was going to make you a 'coeur a la creme.'"

"What is that?" asked Margaret.

"A heart made of cream cheese and strawberries—a good heart full of delicious things. Very much like mine. You can have both, Maggie, provided you will learn to play chess and never, never diet."

Quite suddenly Margaret began to cry. Monsieur Vallon, being a sensible man, did not whisper endearments or offer his handkerchief. Instead, he began quietly to butter a flaky croissant, and after that he poured out a cup of coffee and placed it before her. Margaret looked up into his face and then back at the roll. It was love, equally divided between the two.

"Two sugars," said Margaret, and kissed his hand.

(Copyright)

## "TELL ME ANOTHER"

says

# KLEENEX

9" 1'6 2'- 3'9



**YOU CAN BANK ON THIS**  
HANDLING NOTES AND COINS ALL DAY, I WAS ALWAYS WIPING MY HANDS. NOW I SAVE ON HANKIES. USE KLEENEX INSTEAD. CHALK-FINGERED TEACHERS ALSO NOTE!

Mr. G. Cunningham, Christchurch, N.Z.

**DON'T  
COTTON  
ONTO  
THIS**



NO MORE COTTON-WOOL DOWN THE DRAIN. I USE KLEENEX FOR FASTER REMOVAL OF NAIL POLISH AND MAKE-UP.

Miss M. Godfrey, Thornbury, Victoria.

## THE BIG BLOW!

KLEENEX TISSUES ARE SOFTER ON YOUR TENDER NOSE THAN ANY HANKIE. YET THEY CAN STAND UP TO THE STRONGEST BLOW. DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET OR HANDBAG—USE KLEENEX.



## BACHELOR DINNER

THE BIGGEST WASH-UP IS EASY IF YOU FIRST WIPE GREASE OFF SAUCEPANS AND DISHES WITH KLEENEX.



ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE

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Skilled artists and designers are working constantly creating new and lovelier Laminex patterns for you. Every day, the already wide Laminex range is being brightened with gay colours . . . sophisticated patterns. Insist on genuine Laminex and know you're buying from the widest range of colours and patterns in the world.

**LAMINEX®**  
LOVELIER FOR A LIFETIME

# DANISH table



● From Denmark, famous for its food and its exquisite tableware, come these recipes, which you'll find surprisingly easy to follow.

A RECENT EXHIBITION of Danish pieces on display at the fine arts gallery at a leading jewellery store in Sydney included all the china, glass, and silverware in the charming table setting above. A selection of Danish recipes is given on this page.

**B**ECAUSE dairy products are plentiful in Denmark, butter, cream, pork, and bacon are used lavishly in Danish recipes.

Danish women regard cooking as a hobby. They willingly spend long hours preparing popular dishes.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes are level.

## FRUITED BREAD PUDDING

Thin slices of day-old bread, butter, sweetened stewed apple pulp flavored with grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar mixed with  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg.

Spread bread thinly with butter, remove crusts, cut bread into wide strips. Line sides and base of pie-dish with the bread. Cover with a layer of apple. Add another layer of bread, then apple, and lastly add a top layer of bread. Beat eggs, mix with milk, pour over pudding. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon or nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven until set and lightly browned on top.

## SAVORY BACON PANCAKE

Quarter pound bacon, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Remove rind from bacon, cut bacon into dice. Fry gently in its own fat until just cooked. Make a well in centre of flour sifted with baking powder. Drop unbeaten eggs in and work flour in from the sides with a wooden spoon, adding milk gradually until all flour is absorbed. Add balance of milk and beat till smooth. Pour into pan with bacon, place in moderate oven, and bake until batter is set. Serve hot, cut in wedges.

## DANISH BAKED FISH

One and a half pounds bream fillets, salt, vinegar, melted butter, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup breadcrumbs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup grated cheese,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup evaporated milk, chopped parsley or chopped, sauteed mushrooms.

Wash and dry fillets, brush lightly with

vinegar, sprinkle with salt. Place in a large, greased ovenware dish or baking-dish, brush with melted butter, then with beaten egg. Sprinkle with crumbs mixed with cheese. Mix milk with evaporated milk, pour into dish and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes, basting occasionally with the milk. Lift fish on to serving dish, add parsley or mushrooms to liquid in dish, and serve as a sauce.

## ORANGE BLOSSOMS

Two hard-boiled egg-yolks, 2 raw egg-yolks,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. castor sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. flour, marmalade, almonds.

Sieve hard-boiled egg-yolks, and mix with raw egg-yolks and castor sugar. Rub butter into flour, add to eggs and sugar. Roll out to pastry thinness on lightly floured board, cut into rounds and clover shapes, making twice as many clover shapes as rounds. Brush all with egg-white, and press 2 clover pieces on top of each plain one. Press a deep hollow in centre of each, add a dab of marmalade and chopped almonds. Bake in moderate oven 12 minutes.

## SLICED BAKED POTATOES

Potatoes, grated cheese, salt, butter.

Peel potatoes, cut into thin slices, place a layer in base of greased ovenware dish, sprinkle with salt and grated cheese. Add another layer of potatoes and cheese and continue until dish is full, finishing with a layer of cheese. Dot generously with butter. Bake in a moderate oven until potatoes are tender, about 1 hour.

## LAMB AND PARSLEY

Leg of lamb, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt, 1 pint boiling water, 6 peppercorns, 1 bay leaf.

Cream butter with chopped parsley. With a sharpened wooden meat-skewer, make

holes all over the surface of the joint and press parsley-butter into the holes. Place in thickly greased baking-dish. Bake in moderate oven until brown. Sprinkle with salt, add water, peppercorns, and bay leaf. Continue cooking in moderate oven, allowing 25 minutes to each pound of meat. Strain gravy, thicken slightly with blended flour, and serve with the meat.

## SPINACH AND RICE

Half pound spinach, 1 cup rice, 1 tablespoon butter or bacon fat, 2 eggs, salt, pepper, grated cheese.

Wash spinach leaves separately and thoroughly. Shake lightly, shred and place in saucepan with a light sprinkling of salt. Water clinging to leaves should be sufficient liquid. Add a little of the butter or bacon fat, cook gently until quite soft. Wash rice well, cook in boiling salted water until tender, drain and mix with the spinach. Add balance of butter or bacon fat, beaten eggs, salt, and pepper. Turn into greased ovenware dish, sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour.

## DANISH STRUVOR

Tiny rich cakes which are served with cold drinks.

Three eggs,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  oz. castor sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint thick cream, 7oz. plain flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. good shortening for frying.

Beat eggs and sugar until thick and creamy, gradually add the cream and sifted flour. Heat the shortening in a small, heavy saucepan until it is fuming. Fill mixture into a piping-bag and, with a small, plain pipe, shape a round cake in the hot shortening with a spiral motion so that it looks almost like spaghetti curled around to make a flat cake. Brown on one side, turn to brown other side. Drain on kitchen paper, dust with sugar.

## BROAD BEANS IN SAVORY CUSTARD

One pound young broad beans (pods should be about 4 or 5 inches long and the beans just formed in the pods), salted water, 3 eggs, 1 pint milk, salt, pepper, parsley.

Wash beans thoroughly. Slice whole beans in the same way as French beans and drop into boiling salted water. Simmer gently until tender. Drain, place in greased ovenware dish. Beat eggs, mix with milk, season with salt and pepper, add chopped parsley. Pour over beans. Bake in very moderate oven until savory custard is set.

## CARROT PUDDING

One pound carrots,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 beaten eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, a few extra crumbs.

Scrub and scrape carrots, cut in halves, and cook in boiling salted water until soft. Drain, grate on a vegetable grater. Add breadcrumbs, butter, beaten eggs, milk, and salt. Pour into greased ovenware dish, sprinkle top with extra crumbs, bake in moderate oven for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour.

## PALACE STEAK

Wipe a small joint of beef thoroughly with damp cloth. Brown on both sides in 2 tablespoons good shortening in a heavy pan—this may take up to 20 minutes. Add 2 pints boiling water, place over low heat, and add 8 black peppercorns, 4 white peppercorns, 1 teaspoon anchovy essence, 1 small sliced onion, 1 bay leaf. When meat is tender, strain gravy, thicken it slightly, serve with the meat.

## ROAST BEEF IN WINE

Take a joint of beef and lard it with strips of lean bacon, using a larding needle. Heat some fat in a heavy saucepan, brown the joint well on all sides, then sprinkle with salt and pour in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints of stock and a cup of Madeira. Cover closely, simmer gently for 2 to 3 hours, and serve with the gravy from the pan.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

## NEVER FELT BETTER

— now he's  
regular  
without  
purgatives

"I was always tired," writes Mr. W. Battick, Ermington, N.S.W., "when harsh purgatives were draining away my energy. Now I wouldn't start the day without All-Bran — and I never felt better."

It is a medically established fact that nature has provided, in the natural foods men were intended to eat, all the elements necessary for avoidance of irregularity due to lack of bulk. In many of these natural foods — such as certain vegetables, fruits and grains — nature grew, and grows today, abundant natural bulk which normally and naturally aids the rhythmic process of elimination.

In no other natural food is natural bulk so ideally found as in the outer layers of the whole wheat grain, known generally as bran. Bran is a good dietary source of such essential nutritional elements as iron, calcium, phosphorus and niacin. But far more important to you, it's nature's "laxative" food instead of a medicine. When properly processed and shredded, this bran yields smooth natural bulk that the digestive system can handle in a natural way.



You get more fun out of life when you're naturally "regular". Feel younger, too. If constipation and harsh laxatives are draining your vitality away — start enjoying All-Bran every morning for natural regularity and better health.

Kellogg's have made bran into a delicious breakfast cereal — All-Bran. All-Bran is sold as a cereal. Bought at cereal prices. Enjoyed as a cereal. Digested like a cereal. Many prefer it, on taste and eating qualities alone, to any other cereal on the market.

All-Bran performs naturally what harsh laxatives do chemically. It helps clear the intestines of waste in a natural way. It provides soft natural bulk for easy, natural action and because All-Bran is a natural health food, it builds up your strength and energy — instead of draining it out of you.

ACCEPT THIS FRIENDLY OFFER. Enjoy All-Bran for ten days. If you are not completely satisfied send the empty carton to Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Botany, N.S.W., and get double your money back.

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

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## SIR ROGUE

By  
Leslie Turner White

The brilliant life of a Court favourite palled for Sir Guy Spangler; the adventurous spirit of Tudor times stirred in him and he collected a company of kindred souls and sought excitement, romance and riches in Russia.

A briskly written historical novel, full of glamour and intrigue, action and colour.

Price 15/6

From all Booksellers

## Relieve Torture of BACKACHE

Are YOU tormented by backache, rheumatic pains? Doan's Backache Kidney Pills can bring you prompt relief. Rheumatic pains, headaches, puffiness under the eyes, disturbed nights, leg pains, are often a sign of sluggish kidneys failing to carry out their vital job of removing waste matter from the blood. So follow the lead of sufferers all over the world. At the first sign of kidney upset, get Doan's. Doan's should bring you swift, blessed relief, and set those lazy kidneys back to work again.

## Winter sweet wins £5

RECIPES from readers win cash prizes each week in our popular cookery contest.

A satisfying winter sweet flavored with pineapple and dates wins this week's cash award of £5 for a South Australian reader who suggests adding passionfruit (when they are in season) to the sauce for the pudding.

A supper party special, prawn patties, wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

### PINEAPPLE PUDDING

Two and a half cups pineapple pieces (drained), 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup sugar.

Sauce: One cup pineapple syrup, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter.

Combine pineapple, nuts, and dates and add to sifted dry ingredients. Mix well. Beat egg-yolks and add vanilla and sugar and stir into fruit mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake in a shallow, greased ovenproof dish or lamington-tin in a very moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with pineapple sauce.

Pineapple Sauce: Combine pineapple syrup, orange juice, and butter. Add blended cornflour, mix well. Cook over low heat until thickened, stirring all the time.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Spencer, Box 60, Keith, S.A.



SERVED straight from the oven, the pineapple pudding is a satisfying, delicious finish to a winter meal. See this week's main prize-winning recipe at left.

### PRAWN PATTIES

Twelve slices of bread, 3 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 1 pint melted butter sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, 1 lb. shelled prawns, red and green pickled onions (chopped), paprika, lemon slices, parsley.

Remove crusts from bread, press bread into patty tins, and brush well with melted shortening. Bake in a hot oven until crisp and brown. These may be made in advance and reheated as required. Combine sauce, lemon juice, salt and pepper, prawns, onions, mix well. Pile into bread cases, sprinkle lightly with paprika and garnish with lemon slices and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Fitzpatrick, 10 Gilders-thorpe Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

## FAMILY DISH

EVER - POPULAR meatballs, flavored with paprika and raisins, are this week's family dish. It costs 4/3 and serves four or five.

INDIAN MEATBALLS  
One and a half pounds minced steak, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1/2 teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 cup tomato juice, 1 tablespoon

lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons raisins.

Combine steak, onion, breadcrumbs, curry powder, and beaten egg. Season with salt, pepper, and paprika, and mix well. With floured hands shape into balls the size of a golf ball. Heat butter or substitute, add meatballs, and brown lightly. Add water, tomato juice, lemon juice, sugar, and raisins. Cover and cook gently 40 to 45 minutes. Serve piping hot with cooked spaghetti or potatoes and green vegetables.

### Tony's luxury dish

## Kebab of Lamb

"THIS Eastern dish is quite different from the usual meat dish, and it has become a very popular luncheon dish in Europe," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

For 6 persons you will need:

Three pounds tender loin of lamb, 1 lb. bacon, 4 large onions, 1/2 lb. large mushrooms (or less), 8 bay leaves, 2 cups olive oil, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 6 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 coffee spoon

Cut loin of lamb into small pieces 3-8th inch thick and 2in. long. Season with salt and pepper. Slice the bacon, the onions and the mushrooms the same size. Then you put on a metal skewer first 1 slice bacon, 1 bay leaf, then the lamb and the onion, then the mushroom, repeat until skewer is filled. Dip the whole preparation in oil and grill until browned. Serve with fried rice and sauce diable (devil sauce).

Devil Sauce: One glass white wine, 8 crushed peppercorns, 3 chopped shallots, 1 cup brown sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 coffee spoon chopped chilli, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley. Combine all ingredients and heat.

## NEW CUTEX Stay Fast LIPSTICK

LASTS LONGER... KEEPS LIPS LOVELIER!



American women love Cutex "Stay Fast" Lipstick for its creamy lanoline smoothness that clings to your lips hours longer! Apply Cutex "Stay Fast"—leave for a few minutes, then blot lightly with a tissue for day-long lip loveliness. Choose from a range of rich, fashion-right Cutex colours—to match up with your shimmering, long-wearing Cutex Nail Polish!

## NEW CUTEX Stay Fast

NEVER LEAVES A KISSPRINT



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 15, 1955

# CLEVER CONVERSION

A writing-desk and utility seat made from a loughboy is this week's prizewinning entry in our weekly homemakers' contest for readers.

MR. D. PHILP, Harding Ave., Acaciavale, Townsville, Qld., wins the £3/3/- cash prize for this entry:

"At the time we were dismantling an old loughboy with standard cupboard space and drawers, I needed a writing-desk for my room," he said.

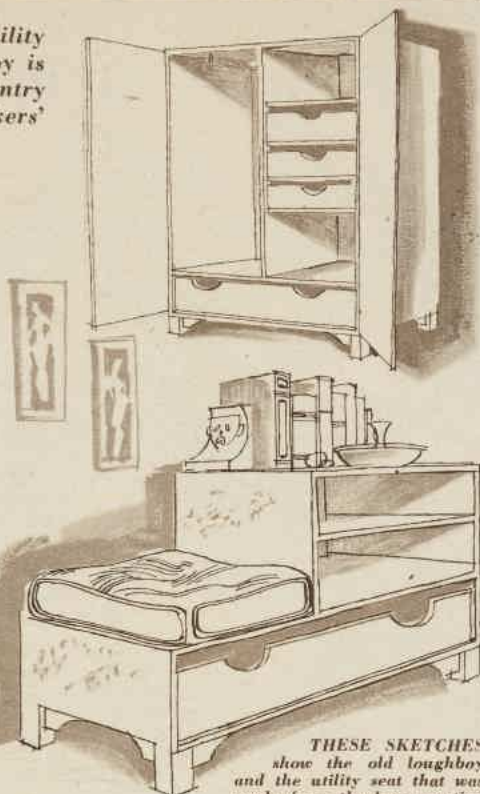
"I could see, with a few alterations, it could easily be made into a desk.

"The door on the hanging-space side was taken right off and the loughboy was cut through on a line just under the lower small sock drawer. This gave me a compact desk, with a shelf and three roomy drawers.

"I had no intention of using the rest of the loughboy and was prepared to relegate it to the scrap-timber heap when I got the idea of a seat bookshelf. Using the discarded door, I covered the top and fitted in an extra shelf in what was originally the shoe space.

"This is now a most convenient piece of furniture in my room. It holds magazines and other reading matter and the cushioned seat makes it most comfortable to use."

A cash prize of £3/3/- will



THESE SKETCHES show the old loughboy and the utility seat that was made from the lower section after the top section of the loughboy had been used to make a desk. This entry won a cash prize of £3/3/- in our homemakers' contest.

be paid each week to the reader who sends in the best entry in this contest on how to make something new from something old.

The renovation need not

necessarily be furniture. It may be a novelty, an article of clothing, or any other useful addition to the home.

To enter the contest all you do is write out a detailed description of the article as it was and tell what was done with it. Sketches or snapshots or written details should be sent with each entry.

Address your entry to Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

SMALL DESK which was made from the top section of the loughboy shown in the sketch at the top of this page. The removal of the left-hand drawer gives comfortable leg-room to the desk.



## NEW EMBROIDERY MOTIFS



EMBROIDERY TRANSFER SHEET No. 219 contains a series of lovely kitten motifs that will add variety and interesting color to kitchen linens. The motifs, which illustrate household duties for each day of the week, are suitable for embroidering on tea-towels, pot-holders, aprons, and place-mats. This sheet of transfers measures 24in. x 28in., and the price is only 2/6. Orders should be sent to our Needlework Department. See address on page 53. When ordering, be sure to ask for Transfer No. 219.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 15, 1955

NESTLÉ's  
MILK CHOCOLATE

Croquettes



In the family circle . . . the party circle . . . these circles of delicious, smooth, creamy Nestlé's milk chocolate, each hygienically wrapped . . . these alluring discs of delight . . . excite more "Yes, please!" than almost any other Nestlé's chocolate you can offer.

It's Good

and it's good to eat often!

# STOP IT!

MRS. HOUSEWIFE



take  
**'ASPRO'**  
and  
take it easy!



## DAILY THOUGHT . . . . 'ASPRO' WITH A CUP OF TEA

What woman, these times, doesn't have to put up with difficulties of some sort from day to day? Here's a friendly tip — when you take that cup-of-tea break, take two or three 'ASPRO' tablets as well — and 'take it easy'. 'ASPRO' with tea is splendid combination which quickly relieves that headachy tiredness and depressed feeling. The 'ASPRO' acts in a soothing manner while the tea gives you a 'lift'. Try it out today.

# 'ASPRO' — SO KIND TO THE NERVES!

## NEW FACTS LEARNED ABOUT 'ASPRO' AND TODAY'S TENSION

'ASPRO' is more than you think it is—much more—and it has taken the stress and strain of today's living conditions to bring out the fact.

Since publication, recently, of an article on the subject of obtaining relief from today's tension troubles, many have written in to say how valuable they are finding 'ASPRO' as a daily standby when a little soothing is called for.

'ASPRO', of course, is primarily a quick pain and headache reliever and 'flu treatment, for which it has the biggest demand in the world. But people who have used 'ASPRO' only occasionally—for more serious pains or 'flu—have now become aware of its soothing properties for these 'modern' troubles, not purely headaches but the many contributing causes of them.

There is abundant evidence to support the findings of these people.

'ASPRO' gives a 'sympathetic' type of relief—a relief that works with Nature, not against her. It acts in a soothing, calming kind of way assisting one back to serenity and a sense of well-being without 'after-effects'.

'ASPRO' is not habit-forming and does not create a craving. It can therefore be taken frequently without any tendency to addiction which many apparently harmless preparations can cause.

The system does not become accustomed to 'ASPRO' with frequent use—its action is thus always at maximum effectiveness.



—the Universal medicine with the biggest demand in the world. Now produced in Australia, England, New Zealand, South Africa, Eire, France, Holland, Belgium, Austria, India, Indonesia, and sold in over 100 different countries.

Nicholas Product

A9/54

# Fashion PATTERNS

## PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F.3173.—Bargain pattern of boy's or girl's school blazer in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Requires 1 to 1½ yds. 54in. material, 24 to 3½ yds. braid. Special price, 2/6.

F.3601.—Ballerina frock that doubles as a cocktail dress with its bow-tied bolero. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 8½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F.3661.—Skirt teamed with smart battle-dress jacket with back fullness drawn into shaped waistband. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1½ yds. 54in. material for skirt, and 1½ yds. 54in. material for jacket. Price, 4/6.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address, Box 4066, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 685, G.P.O., Auckland.



F.3662.—Glamor shirtmaker with clever anglian sleeves and full skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/9.

F.3661

F.3563

F.3563.—One-piece dress with moulded bodice and mandarin collar buttons right through from neck to hem and has a soft full skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/9.

F.3567.—Tailored skirt with deep inverted centre-front pleat, slotted belt top and hip interest is obtainable in sizes 24½in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist. Price, 3/-.

F.3662

F.3567

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

### No. 913.—"DAYS-OF-THE-WEEK" TEA-TOWELS

"Days-of-the-week" tea-towels are available traced ready to embroider in a set of seven or separately. Each towel measures approximately 20in. x 31in. Price, 6/11 each, or 47/11 for complete set of seven. Postage on separate towels is 6d. extra; on the full set, 2/9 extra, including registration.

### No. 914.—DUCHESS SET

Duchesse sets in realistic butterfly design are available traced ready to embroider in cream and white Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, pink, green, and lemon. The centre mat measures 11in. x 17in., small mats 8in. x 8in. Price, 9/11. Postage, 6d. extra.

### No. 915.—BABY'S MAT AND FEEDER SET

Farmyard-design mat and two-feeder set traced ready to embroider are available in headcloth in blue, green, pink, lemon, white, and natural. The feeders measure 11in. x 8in. and the mat 11in. x 18in. Price, 8/11. Postage, 9d. extra.

### No. 916, 917.—MOTHER-AND-DAUGHTER DRESSES

Smart mother-and-daughter dresses in button-through style with big sailor collar and tie. The dresses are made in Whicore and are available in primrose, rose-mist, grey, green, and junior navy. Sizes for mother: 32in. to 34in. bust, 79-11; 36 to 38in. bust, 81-3. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra. For daughter: Sizes 2, 3, 4, 6 years or 18in., 19in., 20in., and 21in. Two years and 18in. length is 39-11; 3 years and 19in.; 4 years, 20in.; and registration for these two is 2/3 extra. Sizes 4 years and 20in. length is 42-11, postage and registration 2/6 extra; 5 years and 21in. length, 43-11; postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

• NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



914

915

917

916

# "So Tasty"

I couldn't believe my tongue!"

says BILL FENNEL, well-known radio star



**KRAFT Old English**  
—the **ONLY** packet cheese  
with "bite and nip"

With Kraft "Old English" you get that same rich, matured flavour every time! Kraft "Old English" takes all the guesswork out of buying a tasty cheese. Here is the economical way to enjoy matured cheese — no wasteful rind. No crumbling. Kraft "Old English" never goes dry because it's foil-wrapped for freshness. Available in the red 8-oz. packet everywhere.

The only tasty  
matured cheese  
in a packet

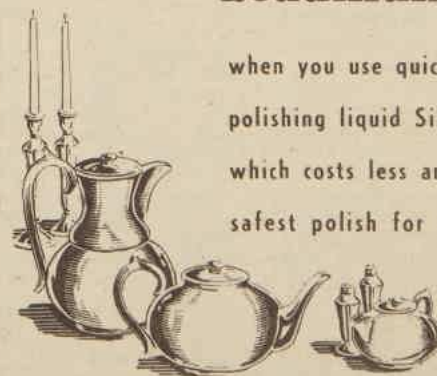
MADE BY KRAFT



KO 52

Your silver  
will gleam  
beautifully

when you use quicker-  
polishing liquid Silvo  
which costs less and is the  
safest polish for all silver



# Look how good *Jam* makes these

Next time you serve doughnuts, fill the centres with a bright jam or jelly . . . looks good, tastes good. Put a choice of jam beside them, for those who want more jam filling.

The jam you always have on your pantry shelf can add a new note to some of your "family favourites". Before baking cup cakes swirl about a teaspoon of jam over the top of each cake, the jam melts right through adding a touch of colour . . . good flavour, too. **TRIFLE** always makes good eating, here is a brand new recipe. Easy to make, looks wonderful.



## FLOATING ISLAND TRIFLE

1 cup red jam—strawberry, raspberry or quince conserve are good; fruit or berries—fresh frozen or canned; slices of cake; 3 eggs;  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla; 1 cup sugar

Spread cake with jam, cut into finger lengths and arrange in your prettiest bowl, alternately with drained fruit.

Now for the vanilla sauce. Separate eggs. Warm milk and vanilla essence. Beat egg yolks and  $\frac{1}{2}$ -cup sugar until light and very thick, add warmed milk a little at a time, continue cooking, beating constantly until mixture coats a spoon. Cool. Pour over cake and fruit.

Make a meringue with egg whites, beat them quite stiff then add remaining sugar gradually. Heat some water in a fry pan, drop the meringue, a generous tablespoon at a time into the water—should be just under the boil, and poach each "island" a few minutes. Then place on top of the trifle, finish off with a dollop of the brightest jam or jelly you have on your pantry shelf.

## JAM HAS HIGH ENERGY VALUE

There are 100 calories in one tablespoonful of jam—fresh fruit, from which all jam is prepared, is a rich source of Vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub>, and C, as well as the vital minerals.

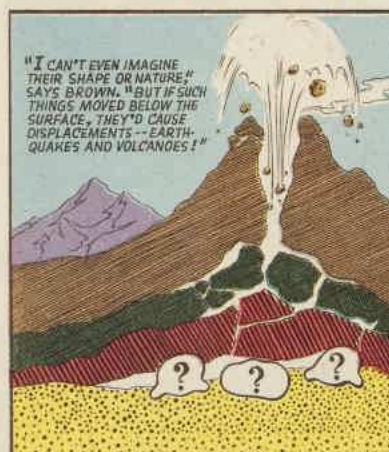


# Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, with PRINCESS NARDA: Visits Brown, a geologist who has peculiar theories of creatures that could live in the earth's core under conditions of extreme pressure and heat. When there is an earthquake

in a nearby desert, Mandrake, Narda, and Brown drive out to investigate. Suddenly there is another disturbance and the three see a mountain move sideways! Brown explains that it may have something to do with his theory. NOW READ ON:



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